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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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GOVERNOR HUGHES' EFFACEMENT

CONTRARY to the general belief is Governor Hughes' acceptance of a place on the bench of the United States supreme court. In the sturdy executive of the Empire state the people saw likely material for a future President of the United States, and the fact that he is under fifty gave assurance that he could afford to bide his time. But his letter to President Taft, accepting the tendered appointment, means the elimination of the able New Yorker as a presidential possibility and his effacement as an active leader in the reform ranks of the Republican party, a sequence much to be regretted.

This appointment, the dispatches carefully inform us, is wholly devoid of politics, and so it is, so far as Governor Hughes is concerned, but in naming him to succeed the late Justice David J. Brewer, the President has been shrewd enough to remove from his political path one of the strongest candidates for the Republican presidential nomination in 1912 in the entire country. While the appointment will be viewed with general satisfaction, there is bound to be heard an expression of regret that so admirable a public character has deliberately forfeited his chances of entering the White House. He was the one man looming large on the political horizon who, by his unswerving fidelity to high ideals, had endeared himself to the masses. Next to Theodore Roosevelt, he is perhaps held in the greatest esteem of any man in the Republican party today, and with the feeling of distrust rife toward Mr. Taft, Governor Hughes was the most logical candidate that could be named to harmonize the warring factions of the party and lead it to victory in the next presidential campaign.

He will be greatly missed in the congressional elections in his state next fall, when the Republican candidates will have need for the admonitions and support of so sterling a public character, hard set as the reactionaries will be by the militant Democrats, now so eager for the coming fray. He will retire from active politics next October, when he will ascend the supreme court bench. The

governor is not a rich man, and it is hinted he has grown heart-weary of the struggle to combat the practical politicians of his state. It is said he contemplated returning to the practice of law next January, with the expiration of his term of office. The highest tribunal in the country is greatly strengthened by his accession, but the country at large will be inclined to feel a sense of disappointment that opportunity is thus denied to bestow upon him the highest honor in the gift of the people.

NEVIN'S AMERICAN GRAND OPERA

MUSICAL Los Angeles is interested in the savage reception accorded Arthur Nevin's American grand opera, "Poia," by the Berlin critics, inasmuch as the librettist is none other than Mr. Randolph Hartley, son of Rev. Benjamin Hartley of this city, rector of the Church of Our Savior at San Gabriel. That the Royal Opera House should have accepted what American managers were too indifferent, or, perhaps, lacked the courage to produce, is in itself a striking circumstance; that German critics resented this invasion of the Kaiser's operatic stage is perhaps natural. It does not follow that because they have bitterly condemned this first American opera primarily given in Europe that it lacks merit or will fail of indorsement by the people. Great successes have been scored in spite of the opposition of the critics.

"Poia" is an opera based on the folklore of the American Indians. Mr. Nevin gained his material on the reservation of the Blackfeet tribe in northern Montana. The story is Indian, but its soul is universal has been said of the work, which perhaps is what those exacting critics, Dr. Karl Muck and Engelbert Humperdinck realized when the score was subjected to their close scrutiny before acceptance. The libretto received equally severe testing, running the gamut of readers, stage director and director general, by all of whom it was pronounced good.

Arthur Nevin's "Poia" is a legendary Indian Christ, whose way to spiritual perfection is reached through human love. Rejected by Natoya, the woman of his affections, because of a physical blemish, he is told that until that is removed his love cannot be reciprocated. He finds that he is branded by the sun-god for the sins of his people, to whom he must go for its removal. How he accomplishes this and the suffering that is entailed form the motif of the opera which is dominated by Indian melodies accurately reproduced by the American composer, who learned them around the campfires of the Blackfeet Indians. In the end, Poia bears away to the realms of the sun-god the bruised body of the dying Natoya, who has been mortally wounded by Poia's rival, for whom the knife thrust was intended. As the young hero is disappearing is heard a triumphant cry, "With thee and our love to God" bringing down the final curtain.

Whether or not "Poia" shall prove a flat failure or a great success the composer and librettist have accomplished much in having so pretentious a work produced by the highest musical tribunal in Germany, and for this all musical America should rejoice. Prior to this recognition of Nevin, McDowell and Stillman-Kelly were about the only two American composers who have been taken seriously in the Kaiser's realm. It is said that Mr. Nevin had a long and disheartening period of waiting. In fact, he had returned to American when the cable brought the news of the acceptance of "Poia" by the Berlin royal opera.

That "Poia" was hissed by the "jingo" critics last Saturday does not necessarily mean that it is forever damned, for, as stated, this demonstration is rather against the "Americanization" of the operatic stage than as a token of artistic disap-

proval. In any event, the production of the opera cannot be regarded as otherwise than an international musical event, and that Los Angeles is indirectly associated with the giving of this melodic American composition is cause for additional felicitation.

ROOSEVELT AT THE SORBONNE

LAST season the accomplished Dr. Henry Van Dyke was the American lecturer at the Sorbonne, in the exchange of professors between American and French universities, under the Hyde Foundation. That the French were charmed by Dr. Van Dyke's style is easily believable, his gentle humor, his sincerity, his delightful point of view all contributing to this end. Could there have been a more vivid contrast in personalities than that presented by the virile American, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who, before a distinguished audience, last Saturday, in the amphitheater of the New Sorbonne, spoke on individual citizenship in the two republics? Yet each in his way typified the best in our American citizenship.

He faced, probably, the most intellectual gathering that the Parisian capital could muster, including university professors, cabinet officials, historians, writers, poets, playwrights, artists and students. It was a great opportunity, and a profound honor, considering that the Sorbonne is regarded as identical with the University of France, and for more than a century has been the seat of science and learning of the famous French university. Colonel Roosevelt argued that the average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed, the main source of national power and national greatness being found in the average citizen of the nation. He pointed out that it were well if a large proportion of the leaders in any republic, in any democracy, were drawn from the classes such as he addressed, the ones that have received special advantages in mental training, but only provided they possess the gift of sympathy with plain people and of devotion to great ideals. Much should be expected of those to whom much has been given. He went on to say:

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

That was typical Rooseveltian doctrine. No man has been more adversely criticized than Mr. Taft's predecessor in the White House, and yet, too, no man since Lincoln's day has won so firm a hold on the hearts of the American people as this doer of deeds, this strong character, who has stumbled often, but who is honest, who strives ever to attain heights and who will never fail because of timidity of purpose. "I pay all homage to intellect and to elaborate and specialized training of the intellect," said he, "and yet I know I shall have the assent of all of you present when I add that more important still are the commonplace, every-day qualities and virtues."

One of the virtues he stipulated was that of having plenty of healthy children. He told his French auditors—and Paris as a city is noted for its small families—that the greatest of all curses is the curse of sterility, and the severest of all condemnations should be visited upon willful sterility. The latter he characterized as a crime of ease and self-indulgence, of shrinking from

pain and effort and risk which, in the long run, nature punishes more heavily than any other. He added:

No refinements of life, no delicacy of taste, no material progress, no sordid heapings up of riches, no sensuous development of art and literature can in any way compensate for the loss of the great fundamental virtues; and of these great fundamental virtues the greatest is the race's power to perpetuate the race.

Emphasizing the principle that there must be a basis of material well being for the individual as well as for the nation, he argued that such a foundation, though indispensable, is worthless unless upon it is raised the superstructure of a higher life. Said he:

That is why I decline to recognize the mere multimillionaire, the man of mere wealth, as an asset of value to any country; and especially as not an asset to my own country. If he has earned or uses his wealth in a way that makes him of real benefit, of real use—and such is often the case—why, then he does become an asset of worth. But it is the way in which it has been earned or used, and not the mere fact of wealth, that entitles him to the credit.

Scoring false standards of success, which he considered a bad thing for a nation to raise, he assured his hearers there can be no false standard than that set by the deification of material well being in and for itself. He would have the good citizen demand liberty for himself, and as a matter of pride, he will see to it that others receive the liberty which he thus claims as his own. Probably the best test of true love of liberty in any country is the way in which minorities are treated in that country, concluded the speaker, leaving the final thought that "not only should there be complete liberty in matters of religion and opinion, but complete liberty for each man to lead his life as he desires, provided only that in so doing he does not wrong his neighbor." It was a notable address, eminently characteristic of the man all Europe is now delighting to honor.

WHERE THE INCONSISTENCY LIES

NO MORE absurd argument against equal suffrage among the sexes has come within our ken than that advanced by a writer in Mr. Hearst's local Examiner, who found the Woman's Orchestra of this city to be so fearfully inconsistent that, while claiming to be an amateur organization, it had the temerity to charge an admission fee to its public concert last week. "Right here," proclaims this sapient critic, "lies the real difficulty of granting them the ballot."

As the elder Dundreary would have observed, "Now, w-h-hat demned nonsense!" Where is the inconsistency? Here is a body of amateur musicians giving much time to the attending of rehearsals in the course of a year, contributing from their own funds to the upkeep of the orchestra, for the purchase of instruments, of necessary scores, and for the maintenance of a professional musical director. Once in each season the members give a concert, to the end that their friends may note the progress they are making in orchestral playing, for which a fee is charged that shall reimburse them in part for the rental of the Auditorium and other expenses connected with the undertaking. Not often has there been a surplus remaining, in the several years this program has been followed, but if there was such, it did not benefit the society as individuals, the surplus being used to enrich the musical library of the organization. If there is any professionalism in this procedure that convicts the amateur organization of inconsistency, we fail to be impressed by the formulator of the charge, who, perhaps fittingly refers to himself as of the body of "poor simpletons of bifurcated garb."

This curious attitude of mind is akin to that of President Taft, who has expressed himself as being fearful that if equal suffrage is granted, it will be exercised by that part of the class which is less desirable; and again to that other stock contention that women, being so emotional, will not be governed by facts, but by the dictates of sentiment; that they will be hard to manage, unruly, impossible to convince by argument. This also is poor stuff. We wonder what these harrowed critics would say of the disgraceful proceedings recently enacted in the Hungarian parliament, if the participants had been women. The premier,

Count Hedervary rose to offer reasons for the dissolution of the law-making body, whereupon the opposition members left their seats and, rushing toward the premier, hurled inkstands, metal match-boxes, heavy books and all sorts of missiles at his head. Cabinet ministers hurried to his defense. The premier's face was soon covered with blood, and he was seen falling into the hands of his supporters. A heavy inkstand and a matchstand inflicted two big wounds, one on the forehead and the other on the cheek.

Nor was this harsh treatment much worse than that accorded to Premier Briand of the French government, who, in opening the electoral contest at St. Chamond, recently, was savagely mobbed by his political opponents. Almost as serious a disturbance took place in the German reichstag within a fortnight, when certain of the radical leaders were told that they had "absolutely no sense of honor." It won't do to fulminate against the suffragettes of London while ignoring these far more disgraceful antics of the males, endowed with the right of franchise. We do not fancy the methods of the militant sisters across the water, but perhaps they know their men folk better than we do, and are pursuing the only course calculated to bring down the game. When it comes to considering political freaks, the masculine gender has womankind beaten to a frazzle.

WHY NORWAY MOURNS

NORWAY is mourning the dimming, by death, of her greatest literary light, Bjornsterne Bjornson, even as we in this country are still filled with the sense of our own great loss in the removal by the Grim Reaper of the man Americans have so long installed in their affections, the inimitable Mark Twain. By the ablest critics Bjornson is conceded to have been the most commanding figure in the intellectual life of Norway, standing, as he did, as the typical representative of the progressive Norwegian spirit, his manifold activities having done more to foster and develop the modern literary movement in his native land than any other contemporary force. Greater than Ibsen, because of his broader field of endeavor, it is as poet, novelist and dramatist that he has taken high rank, while it is in the dramatic arena alone that Ibsen challenges his supremacy.

As a novelist his writings have done much by their wholesome, manly tone to uplift the youth of his country, whose high regard for Bjornson is akin to that which the Anglo-Saxon race entertains for Charles Dickens. His poetry is as precious to them as Longfellow's or Whittier's is to us. Radical in thought, it was only natural that he should have clashed with the established order in his efforts to lead his people onward and upward. One of his commentators has told us that mention of Bjornson's name in the presence of any gathering of Norwegians is like running up the national flag. He was the recognized leader of the Norwegian republican movement for twenty years, from 1876 to 1896. Deeply interested in the social and religious controversies that have agitated his people, his life in every way was filled with stirring activities.

Born in 1832, in the mountainous and remote parish of Kvikke, of which his father was priest, at seventeen he was sent to the high school at Christiania, and three years later he entered the university, where his literary tastes quickly asserted themselves. At twenty-five, after many struggles for recognition, he attracted marked attention by his first novel, "Synnove Solbakken," a study of peasant life in Norway, whose charm and freshness achieved for the young author the success it richly deserved. For ten years he followed this first effort with other and even stronger novels, and many short stories, of which perhaps "A Happy Boy" is best known to his American readers. The "Fisher Lass," a nineteenth century pastoral, in the simple style of the sagas, has been widely read by English readers. Of his dramatic work, "Sigurd Slembe," a trilogy of plays, illustrating the saga-phrase of Bjornson's genius, is accounted the most ambitious, and by not a few it is regarded as the greatest work in Norwegian literature.

Like his brilliant countryman, Henrik Ibsen, Bjornson produced a long list of problem plays, many of which have achieved great success upon

the stage, in Germany as well as in Norway and Sweden. One of these, "Redaktoren" (The Editor) has for its subject the degradation of modern journalism. Another most interesting play is "En Hanske" (A Glove) whose main argument is that the obligations of morality are equally binding upon both sexes, a proposition that is sought to be enforced in a local theater this week, in a new play enjoying its premier presentation in Los Angeles. The production of "En Hanske" occasioned heated discussion, Mr. William Morton Payne has told us, for its theme is of the widest interest, besides being pivotal as regards Bjornson's sociological views, notes this same essayist.

But it is as a novelist that Bjornson scored his greatest triumphs, and it is his more recent novels, written since the broadening out of his thoughts, dating from 1877, when "Magnild" appeared, that mark his highest flights of genius. "In God's Way" and "The Heritage of the Kurts" is lacking that charm of simplicity which endears the earlier written stories to his people, but they grip by their tenacity of purpose, their deeper insight into life, their strong educational values. Optimistic in his personality, enthusiastic in his support of republican principles, a stout fighter and a forceful thinker, Bjornsterne Bjornson, although dead, will be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen for years to come, and the seed he has sown cannot fail to bring forth prolific fruits in the rising generation and in generations perhaps yet unborn.

DIAGNOSING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

MUCH informing and sanely conceived editorial comment is to be found from time to time in Weber's Weekly, edited by Mr. George W. Weber. This political leaflet, in size a sixteenth sheet folio, is published in Chicago; that it has established itself, and solely on its merits, is proved by the fact that it is now in its eighth year, the only publication of its kind, so far as we know, in the country. It discusses affairs of national import in a highly intelligent manner, and with a broad outlook, reflecting the minimum of bias with the maximum of common sense.

In the current issue is a thoughtful consideration of the Democratic national organization, in which its characteristics, tendencies and prospects are explained. Since the Civil War, it is contended, the Democratic party, for the most part, has been a disorganized mob of opposition to the dominant Republican party, in which course it has been out of harmony with the progress of the country, hence in the attitude of opposing national development. To transform itself from the minority to the majority party, it must aboutface, sensibly argues Weber's Weekly, and from being destructive in its plans and purposes, become constructive. The elements comprising the party are classified in four factions, as follows:

Bryan element, consisting of the personal followers of Mr. Bryan, who are disposed to support him in any stand he may take.

Southern Democrats. This element of the party may be said to be democratic because of its traditions, and owing to the republicanism of the negro element of the south.

Labor element. This is the wage-working trade-union element of the large cities of the north, of the industrial centers, and of the railroads.

Hearst element, which, for the most part, is the unorganized wage-workers and the more ignorant Ghetto and slum classes of the population of the large cities. Also, the so-called "Independence League."

Not promising material to amalgamate for a common purpose. Followers of the first-named are wittily denominated Bryan-Islamites and their leader an emotionalist, not a reasoner. A good man, but, it might be added, a political empiricist. As to the "Solid South" element, it yearns for a party in power that will allow it to settle its own domestic negro questions and would be Republican today if that party would agree to disfranchise the negro, to the practical annihilation of the Democratic organization. The labor element is said to be not homogeneous with other Democratic constituents, because it is allied with the Republican party as to protection. On this we take issue with Weber's. Labor, irrespective of party, has cut its wisdom teeth on this question, and is

ready to confess that it has been tricked by a false lure. Hence, the labor element may be said to be ready to cut loose from its unhappy alliance with the high protectionists of the opposite faith.

Lastly, we come to that curious rag-tag of disaffection, the Hearst element, which Weber's properly contends is not doctrinally harmonious with the traditional Democratic party. Mainly, this following has been attached to Hearst not because of his overpowering qualities for leadership, but because of his shrewdness in raising the flag of revolt in New York against objectionable opposing candidates in both the great parties, which accounts for the great vote polled by the "Independence League." It was a protest of disapproval only, which Mr. Hearst discovered to his chagrin in 1908, when the Hearst candidate for President received only 81,000 votes in the entire country. Having recognized his inability to win a personal national following, he is now changing front and is evincing a disposition to fall into line, practically without terms or conditions. "In this connection," says Weber's, "it is worth while to consider that the Hearst papers are steadily becoming more sane and reasonable." The reason: Mr. Hearst would like to be the candidate of the Democrats in 1912!

Summing up its excellent consideration of the various component parts of the Democratic party, Weber's argues that as an organization it is essential to the success of the republic since as a force of criticism and opposition it keeps the dominant party under espionage, thus disciplining its acts. We thoroughly agree with the final conclusion of this eminently sane viewpoint, to-wit: that the Democratic party is not a coherent political entity, the same as the Republican organization, and, in the very nature of its composition, it cannot be. If its conflicting elements could be unified, there would be great opportunity for success in the next presidential election. Perhaps it may yet coalesce on the tariff question, which is now so seriously agitating the Republican party.

GRAPHITES

If Mark Twain is able to take cognizance of what is written concerning him on this mundane sphere, his sense of humor will probably counteract the nausea that otherwise must overcome him. For example, there was an affliction in the Times of last Sunday, printed on the editorial page, which, for execrable taste and atrocious versification, is sublime. It was headed "The Newest Comer," and read:

The golden gates were opened wide,
And Peter roared aloud—
And an ineffable merriment
Then went up from the crowd,
To subdue this joy and laughter
All effort was in vain;
For, behold! the newest-comer
Was not other than "Mark Twain."

O, wirra, wirra! We refuse to believe that Poet John McGroarty of the staff passed judgment on this monstrosity. Another curious tribute to the dead humorist we have clipped from the Omaha Excelsior. Its editor, Mr. Clement Chase, must have been away on a fishing trip when this gem was slipped through

The optimist will celebrate Mark Twain's memory by reading the immortal humorist's works, whose passing away Thursday carried regret over the entire English speaking world. But while the brilliant light is gone out its image will shine on for ages, like that of a remote star blotted out.

How refulgent must be the beams of an image which resembles a "remote star blotted out!"

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

REPUBLICAN leaders are beginning to express openly grave anxiety over the outcome of the governorship contest. The danger of the situation is transparent. If Republicans go to the primary next August and divide their votes between Stanton, Anderson, Curry and Ellery, the task left for Johnson's supporters will be comparatively light. And yet no one has offered a solution of the difficulty that seems practicable. The hint that a convention of Republicans might be summoned in June to choose its candidate from the four contestants has not been received with favor. It is pointed out that such a convention would be a violation of the spirit of the primary law, and that its action could not be binding either upon the contestants or upon the party. If such a convention were called it would at once be ar-

tributed to "the machine," and the endorsement of the old organization is not sought—openly, at all events—by any one of the four "regulars." There seems no doubt at present that Alden Anderson is the preferred choice of "the organization," and that if the Republican state central committee deemed it wise to favor any candidate with an endorsement, Anderson would be the man. But Anderson, apparently, prefers to make his canvass "on his own recognizance."

* * *

It has been suggested by a wag that all the candidates for the Republican nomination for governor should accept the invitation to attend Fresno's raisin celebration next Saturday and that all should agree to retire in favor of the hero who succeeded in eating the most raisins. But the situation is not one that provokes much humor in the mind of any Republican who realizes the danger of losing his vote for governor next November. If Hiram Johnson should succeed in capturing the nomination at the August primary, at least sixty or seventy per cent of the Republicans of the state would be practically disfranchised, so far as the head of the ticket is concerned. It is unfortunate enough that an arrant demagogue should be able to masquerade in the Republican colors, but it is more unfortunate that his chance of success depends on the division—at present quartering—of the Republican opposition to him.

* * *

It should not be difficult for Southern California to demonstrate that Stanton has a far larger following than that of any one of the three other "regular" candidates in the north. Apparently, he has the united strength of the "regulars" and a considerable following of Lincoln-Rooseveltters to boot. Stanton's own belief is that he will have sufficient votes south of the Tehachapi to insure his nomination without a single supporter in the north. There can be little question that with anything like the full party vote in the south, the Los Angeles man would get away with a long lead from either Anderson or Curry, but without considerable strength from the north it is doubtful if he would be able to beat Johnson. While it does not seem possible that the problem can be eliminated by any convention, it might be met by a conference of the candidates themselves. It is a situation which may demand considerable self-sacrifice, but personal ambition should play little part in view of the danger and discredit that face the party and the state unless self-sacrifices are made. It should not be impossible for Stanton, Anderson, Curry and Ellery to meet and make a fair show-down of their respective strength. If they could not come to any agreement themselves as to who was the strongest candidate, the question might be referred to arbitrators in whom both the candidates and the party have confidence. No candidate could refuse to participate in such an agreement without demonstrating that his personal ambition is above every other consideration.

* * *

Prince Tsai Tao was given a splendid reception on his arrival here, a large military escort of cavalry, infantry and artillery accompanying his suite in a parade through the city. Scores of carriages containing local Chinese dignitaries followed in his wake. But something upset the young prince's equanimity. In the midst of the reception that followed the parade, when the Chinese were presenting him with numerous costly gifts, Prince Tsai abruptly vanished, seeking the privacy of his own quarters at his hotel. The Chinese were amazed by the prince's inexplicable rudeness, but betrayed no sign of their consternation. Overnight, however, the gay decorations hung up in the prince's honor were quietly taken down, and Chinatown bristled with flaring manifestations against his highness. The young prince may have been stricken with sudden stage fright, or by a vision of assassination. Before leaving China, he was warned of the extreme caution he must exercise over every word he spoke in the United States, and he was also overwhelmed with ideas of the danger of sudden death. The prince was accompanied by Lord Li, the son of Li Hung Chang, and he proved as much an enigma to the reporters as his distinguished sire.

* * *

Who is the wealthy Los Angeles contractor interested in the construction of a number of state buildings, who is said to have contributed \$25,000 to State Engineer Ellery's campaign fund? If half the reports prevalent of the amount of money already being spent by candidates is true, the first primary campaign in this state will be by far the most expensive on record. Curry's bill for the reproductions of his classic face and figure, which are being scattered broadcast, is said alone to amount to \$8,000.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, April 26.

HOW CALAVERAS COUNTY WON FAME

RECENTLY, Superintendent of Public Instruction Edward Hyatt visited the teacher's institute in Calaveras county. To reach the county seat from Sacramento, it was necessary to go by rail to Lodi, in San Joaquin county, thence toward the Sierras thirty miles by a branch railroad to Valley Springs; and thence into the foothills on a galloping four-horse stage a dozen miles farther to a queer old town built on the sides of a gulch leading toward the Calaveras river. San Andreas is pronounced by everybody as though it were spelled San Andrays. Its streets are narrow and crooked. In the early days of the camp, instead of a few hundred inhabitants, there were then four or five thousand people surging up and down the winding streets of San Andreas. Calaveras, explains Superintendent Hyatt in a brochure, telling of his visit there, is interpreted to mean a place of bones or skulls, taking its name from the ancient remains that were common in the county. Readers of Bret Harte will recall that quotation from "The Society Upon the Stanislaus:"

And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

One evening at the hotel this famous poem of Bret Harte's, the scene of which is laid in Calaveras county, was read aloud at the hotel and at its conclusion Postmaster Floyd added these interesting details, which are here given as Mr. Hyatt tells them:

Angels Camp is the next town toward the mountains, twelve miles above here, and it was near there that the incident took place upon which Bret Harte founded his story. It was really a practical joke. There was a storekeeper at Angels named John Scribner, who loved a joke better than he loved his dinner. Also at Murphys, another old mining camp, about eight miles farther up in the mountains, lived Dr. Jones, famed through all the southern mines for his medical skill, and as an amateur scientist, whose special hobby was the collection of fossil remains. Not far away a deep, prehistoric river channel was being mined for gold. The gravels of those old channels afford the richest diggings. They are of a geologic age in which no human remains have ever been found, though sought for by scientists the world over. When the workmen began to find bits of petrified wood in this prehistoric channel a brilliant idea flashed into Scribner's mind. He would perpetrate a monumental joke on his friend, Dr. Jones. So he sent to an old Indian burying ground some distance away to get a skull. This cranium he carefully filled with the gravel of the ancient channel; and then buried it where the hardy miners would soon dig it out from the mine and send it up to the outer air. Well, Scribner's joke was a howling success—in fact, too much of a success. The specimen was accepted by Dr. Jones in good faith, and Professor Whitney, the state geologist, was notified. After examining the skull and the surroundings, he declared it to be a discovery of the greatest interest and the certain proof that geologists had so long sought in vain—that man lived on the earth in that ancient era. But some there were who doubted. The newspapers took it up, first locally, then in a wider and more bitter warfare. Scientists and would-be scientists from the Pacific to the Atlantic fought over the question till the "Calaveras skull" was as well known as the Calaveras big trees. This is the incident with its bitter controversy which attracted Bret Harte's attention and started his brain to produce "The Society Upon the Stanislaus." Observe that the controversy is satirized no less than the original incident, concluded the postmaster.

Following this sidelight on a bit of literary work that is known the world over, the hotel clerk, recites Mr. Hyatt, piped up:

"I suppose you've all heard of the Jumping Frog of Calaveras. But, perhaps, you don't know that the incident which Mark Twain has made so famous took place right here, even in this very hotel. It's a fact. Of course it was before my time, but my father knows all about it. He is an old man now, more than ninety years of age. You ought to have him here to tell stories of this country in the past. I tell you, he could keep you going."

"Yes, added the postmaster, "I know the old man well, and I've often heard him tell that the frog story did take place right in that barroom and just about as Mark Twain tells it."

Then, continues Superintendent Hyatt, what did the hotel man do but, after a little rummaging about, produce a copy of a newspaper printed in 1865, containing the story by Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) of the "Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," which was read aloud to the company within twenty feet of where the yarn was originally told to Mark Twain. If it is possible that any reader of The Graphic is not familiar with this classic, which did so much to establish its author as a humorist, he should hasten to get en rapport with the delicious yarn, which is just as funny today as it was when first printed.

Famous War Chiefs I Have Known and Painted

BY E. A. BURBANK

CHIEF PRETTY EAGLE (Crow Indian)

AT THE time Pretty Eagle sat for a portrait for me he was about sixty-five years old and lived near St. Xavier, Mont., about twenty miles by stage from Crow Agency. He was the father of several children, and his oldest daughter at that time was considered the belle of the Crow nation. Her name was "All Hers," and she was a very attractive Indian girl. Pretty Eagle was always friendly with the white people but he had engaged in many wars with other tribes of Indians, especially the Sioux and Cheyenne. I had difficulty in getting him to pose for me for a portrait. He had promised to come on a certain day. While I was waiting for him the Indian trader came to my room and said that Pretty Eagle was in his store with several other Indians, talking about me and the pictures I was painting of Indians. Pretty Eagle claimed that I took these portraits east and that I threw poison on the face of the picture, and the Indian who sat for the portrait dropped dead.

It was fortunate that the Indian trader had lived among the Crows for twenty years and spoke their language fluently, and proved himself a true, loyal friend, or else the chances would have been none of the Crows would have posed for a portrait for me. I had a good deal of arguing to change Pretty Eagle's mind and induce him to sit for me, but finally he did and I painted two portraits of him in his full chief's costume, which was very beautiful. The Indian trader's wife was away, and the trader being a congenial, good natured fellow, and fond of the Indians, he allowed them many liberties in his nicely furnished home.

Pretty Eagle took advantage of the agent's complacency and when it was time for him to rest, he would arrange the soft, downy sofa pillows on the divan, stretch himself out among them and in a few moments he would be sound asleep.

Soon after Pretty Eagle had completed his sittings for me I visited his camp, three miles distant from the agency, to find out why his little daughter did not come and sit, as he had promised she should. I found Pretty Eagle lying on his back, not feeling well. I asked him what was the matter. He said he was heap sick, that his sitting for the picture was bad medicine, and that I was heap no good. He would not allow his daughter to pose, as he said it would make her sick, and no argument of mine could induce him to change his mind in any respect.

It was undecided who was the head chief of the Crows, Pretty Eagle or Chief Plenty Coos. Plenty Coos was a full-blooded Nez Perce Indian, but when a baby he was captured by the Crow Indians; he had married a Crow Indian woman and had been a noted chief among the Crows, having lived with them since he was captured. He seemed to have fully as much influence among the Crows as Pretty Eagle had.

At the time the Northern Pacific railroad wished to build across the Crow reservation, the officials

had to get the consent of the Crow Indians, so a white man was sent to hold a council with them, and after a good deal of arguing a Crow chief stood up, disclosing his scalping knife, and declaring that the first Indian who signed the white man's papers, allowing the railroad to cross the reservation, would be killed by him.

Pretty Eagle immediately walked over to the table with his back to the Indian who made the threat and asked for the papers. Putting his mark

ing his sword above his head in the air, the heads of all the soldiers would drop off, and that by throwing dust in the air the soldiers would become blind, and that no bullet could kill him, etc.

Pretty Eagle firmly believed in Sword Bearer, and he went to the agent and white people at Crow Agency and pleaded with them to leave, as Sword Bearer had these powers and he would certainly use them. In a few days the Crow Indians did have a scrimmage with the soldiers, but

the troops soon had the Indians on the run for the sheltering hills near by. Sword Bearer waved his sword on high and threw dust in the air, but alas for the Indian, not with the results they had confidently expected. One of them had a brother killed in the fight, whose surviving relative sprinted after Sword Bearer, and, soon catching up with him, demanded to know if he still claimed that no bullet would kill him. Sword Bearer replied, "Yes." "All right," says the brother, "I will see," and he shot him dead.

One of the cattle dealers who had large herds of cattle grazing in Montana, wished to make use of the Indian reservation, and thought if he got on the good side of Pretty Eagle and Plenty Coos it would be an advantage to him, so he purchased two fine gold watches, and had engraved on each the name of the intended recipient. Plenty Coos accepted his watch and was glad to have it, but Pretty Eagle declined the present for himself, and immediately gave his watch to the Indian trader, who, he said, was his true friend.

Pretty Eagle was very fond of the Indian dances and seldom missed attending one. He and Plenty Coos were not very good friends. They were jealous of each other, but their principal grievance was over a certain Indian woman that both wanted. One time Plenty Coos chased Pretty Eagle a good many miles with a gun, and would have killed him if he had caught him, and all on account of this woman, quite like a white man. Pretty Eagle died several years ago.

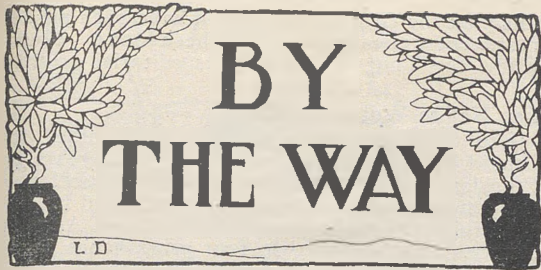
[These portraits and reminiscent sketches of famous Indian war chiefs, by the noted artist, E. A. Burbank, appear exclusively in The Graphic. They treat of a rapidly diminishing race of aboriginal warriors, whose prowess was repeatedly attested by the relentless warfare they waged against tremendous odds in defense of what they honestly believed to be their sacred rights. Readers of this series are assured that these portraits,

redrawn for The Graphic by the artist from his original oil portraits, from life, can be obtained in no other way; they are really valuable contributions to contemporaneous history. Next week we shall print a portrait of the famous Crow scout, White Swan, who was with Custer up to the time of the ever-lamented massacre on the Little Big Horn. White Swan undoubtedly was with the long-haired chief until the troops came upon the Indian allies, but that he stayed with Custer until the end is doubted. That he was desperately wounded is certain.—The Editor.]



on the paper, he turned around and said, "All you Indians who are in favor of the railroad crossing our country sign these papers." The result was that nearly all the Indians present signed.

Several years before I knew Pretty Eagle there was trouble brewing at Crow Agency, and a serious difficulty was expected between the Indians and the soldiers who were stationed at Fort Custer, eleven miles north of the agency. There was a Crow Indian named "Sword Bearer," who claimed wonderful powers. He asserted that by wav-



"Tom" Gibbon is Dispossessed

Alas, for the Herald, and alas, for Editor "Tom" Gibbon! That much harassed newspaper property, after an honorable and earnest effort on the part of Mr. Gibbon to emerge from the clutches of its real owner, General Otis, last Friday reverted to the Times management by the curt dispossession of Thomas E. Gibbon and the unceremonious installment of Blakely Hall, a New York newspaper man of ponderous figure, brusque ways, but alert intellect. I am truly sorry for Mr. Gibbon, and especially for the brutal manner in which his conge was given him. That the paper had been losing steadily ever since Gibbon and Mrs. Lobdell acquired it was current gossip, but that the general had been compelled to make good the deficits was not so widely known. I believe the original purchase price of the Herald was \$190,000, of which Mrs. Lobdell and Mr. Gibbon contributed \$25,000 each, the former turning in Los Angeles property in lieu of cash, the latter giving his beautiful Hollywood holdings for a like amount. The other \$40,000 was in cash, raised by stock subscriptions, of which I believe E. L. Doheny furnished \$10,000.

General Otis Held the Bag

Mrs. Lobdell was the first to let go. She did heroic work, but the strain was too much for her, and after nearly a year of tense striving, she was glad to retire, poorer in purse, but rich in experience. Since then the mortgage of one hundred thousand has been materially augmented by reason of deferred interest payments, cost of white paper supplies, and cash advanced to meet pay-rolls, all of which, I understand, has come from the holder of the mortgage. I believe the work of the Herald in behalf of good government was not resented by the general, in spite of the opposing attitude of the Times, for the reason that it helped to deceive the public as to the real ownership of the paper, but with the approach of the state and county primaries, the fear that a vigorous campaign, similar to that waged when Mayor Harper was forced to retire, would prove dangerous to the Times, has, I believe, been the cause of this recent eruption. Wholly without Tom Gibbon's knowledge, I understand, Blakely Hall was brought on from the east to take charge of the Herald, and last Friday, like a bolt from the blue, he burst into the Gibbon sanctum, announced that he was "it," by grace of H. G. Otis and Harry Chandler, and proceeded to make himself felt in the publication and editorial departments of the paper.

Is the Property to be Wrecked?

That "Tom" Gibbon was amazed is putting it mildly. I doubt if he had any conception of the impending change of management. If this is true, it was a cold-blooded procedure, considering the good work done by the retiring editor and his capable staff. Both Managing Editor Frank E. Wolfe and the chief editorial writer, David G. Paillie, have splendidly collaborated with Mr. Gibbon in his efforts to rehabilitate the Herald, and with a long bank roll the policies pursued eventually would have succeeded. Now, the good government forces will be forced to mourn the loss of an able coadjutor, a sturdy fighter for the right, since, of course, the new manager will be found more nearly carrying out the Otisian policies in the future. That this change will result in a sharp loss in circulation is inevitable, as soon as the public is aware that "Tom" Gibbon's name at the head of the editorial page is titular only, with no power of initiative, and that the paper has reverted to the general. All of the increased support has come from the good government forces, largely Republican, and I imagine they will not hesitate to show their resentment of the change. What of the future of the Herald? Is it the intention of the owner to wreck the paper utterly? If so, he could not pursue a more certain course.

Why He Went to San Quentin

Billy Mines was in San Francisco last week on a mission of kindness connected with the release of a young man from prison in whom he is interested. A friend wrote me: "Too bad, isn't it, that your fellow townsman left for San Quentin today.

So fine a chap as he is in every way!" That was all the explanation this practical joker vouchsafed. I found later that he had dropped the same remark to several of Billy's friends, who were indignant until the subject himself returned last Saturday and confided to a few of us his real mission in the north. A big heart has Billy Mines for all unfortunates, all who are in distress.

Frank Burnett Was Not Worried

Fifteen or twenty minutes before the alarm of fire threatened the Frank Burnett building on West Fifth street, last Saturday, Louis Vetter, meeting Frank at luncheon, casually remarked that an insurance policy for \$10,000 expired that day at noon, and asked what he should do about it. "O, renew it," was the laconic response. Half an hour afterward both were seated at luncheon when the smoke began pouring into the dining room of the California Club and rumors that the Burnett building was on fire were current. Neither Frank nor Louis stirred from his seat, each, it is said, fearing to verify the report. Finally, the news was gently broken to Frank, who, with the utmost nonchalance went on eating, merely observing, "Too bad, but I'm fully insured." In ten minutes the atmosphere cleared, and it was found the Burnett building was uninjured, the scorch being next door. Then Louis Vetter ordered his customary dish of vanilla ice cream and allowed a gentle smile to chase away the previous look of care that had gathered.

Senator Jones Recalls Joke on Mark Twain

Senator Jones of Miramar, whose friendship for the late Mark Twain dated back to early days in Virginia City, told me a good story on the dead humorist, which, in the subtle details, I have not before seen in print. Just prior to his leaving Virginia City to start out on his career, Mark Twain gave a public lecture which netted him about \$1,500. Next day he left in the coach for San Francisco, but had not proceeded far on his journey when the road agents stopped the stage and relieved him of his entire wealth, including his gold watch. It was a piece of grim humor hardly appreciated by Mark, who was in a most lugubrious frame of mind by the time he reached the station at Tahoe. Here the agent handed him a package which he tossed savagely on the table, observing that it didn't interest him in any way. Before retiring, however, he undid the wrappings, revealing, to his astonishment, his lost watch and the money taken by the robbers, who proved to be well-known citizens of Virginia City. A note accompanying informed the victim that the joke was on him. In reply, Mark Twain acknowledged the receipt but with characteristic humor wanted to know why in thunder they hadn't been equally honest in returning the valuables taken from other travelers in the numerous hold-ups recorded in that region.

J. Ross Clark II.

There has been a broad smile this week seen on the face of the vice-president of the Salt Lake railroad, due to the advent of J. Ross Clark II., his first grandchild and son and heir to Walter M. Clark. J. Ross II. is said to have had one hundred thousand dollars deposited to his credit last Monday, the day following his birth, which, by the time he is ready to take over his estate, will have grown to fairly comfortable proportions. Congratulations galore have been pouring into the Walter Clark household this week.

Romance of Fort Garland Recalled

That was sad news that came by wire from San Francisco last Tuesday in the story of the death by suicide of First Lieut. Albert B. Hatfield, Thirtieth Infantry, U.S.A., in his quarters at the Presidio. I campaigned with his father, Col. C. A. P. Hatfield, back in 1880, following the Meeker massacre, when the Fourth Cavalry, to which he was attached, was in the field in the White river country, disciplining the Uncompahgre Utes, who, under Chiefs Johnson and Persune, had murdered the agency employees and assaulted Josephine Meeker and other of the white women there. At that time Colonel Hatfield was as handsome a second lieutenant as West Point ever sent to the frontier. We had met at Fort Garland, a "dough-boy" post long since abandoned. He had been visiting his fiancée, whom he married several months later, and who was to become the mother of poor Albert who shot himself through the heart last Monday, following a spell of melancholia. I shall never forget my efforts to rally my friend when we rode out of Fort Garland, en route to join his troop, not knowing when he would see his lady love again. But he was married the following October, what time I was sailing through the Golden Gate on a journey around the world. I have not seen him

since we parted at Los Pinos agency in September, 1880. Albert was born in Colorado, the year following. His mother was the daughter of a wealthy rancher living in the San Luis valley. Whether she survives her unhappy son I know not. But to his father, now serving his country in the Philippines, I extend my sincerest condolences. In a way, that self-immolated soldier at the Presidio seemed very close to me, his death so vividly recalling that romance of his parents, thirty years ago, when I first started out on my wanderlust year.

Candidate Curry Hobnobbing Here

I had the pleasure of meeting Secretary of State Charles F. Curry this week, candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, and must confess that I was favorably impressed by his personality. He is typical in appearance of the Illinois statesman, contemporary with Lincoln, with his black slouch hat, black necktie, dark clothes, rather gaunt figure, smooth-shaven face, high cheek bones and prairie-bronzed cheeks. Curry is nobody's fool, and is making a vigorous campaign, but I told him we in the south were too friendly to Phil Stanton's candidacy to think of transferring our allegiance. I see that the northern papers have changed their earlier custom of referring to the three chief Lincoln-Roosevelt candidates. It used to be Mr. Johnson spoke, Mr. Wallace spoke, Judge Works also spoke, but the latest significant headline bears this suggestive arrangement, "Johnson, Works, Wallace." I wonder if this is true.

Leonard Chenery's Discovery

Leonard Chenery of San Francisco motored down from San Francisco last week with his wife and sister, renewing old friendships with former San Franciscans who have been converted, and, incidentally, dispelling the notion that Los Angeles' growth was largely hot air. It was his first visit here in fourteen years, and to say that he was surprised but feebly expresses his sentiments. Frankly, he confessed the half had not been told. Friday night he and his party attended the Orpheum, and on their way back to the Alexandria they saw a cake of ice being dragged along the walk to be used in a popular restaurant, which, apparently, had run out of supplies, due to the sudden demand for cold liquor refreshments consequent upon the sudden warm spell. But Leonard, who was asked where it was going, immediately reminded his wife of the custom prevalent in Paris to build bonfires in the streets, in extreme cold weather, around which the poorer people could gather to keep warm. Here, he assured his women folk, the situation was reversed. Cakes of ice were massed in the squares by philanthropic tradespeople and the public was allowed to form in circles about the congested blocks and cool off. I hastened to verify this statement, telling him that the city council regularly appropriated a liberal sum every season for the purpose, and that it was no unusual spectacle on a warm night to find groups of forty or fifty in every block enjoying a cold air bath in this way.

Disproving a Fallacy

Edward F. Sims, employed by the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corporation, lost his life recently while in the discharge of his duty. Before his remains had been consigned to mother earth, his wife was advised that the company had placed her name on its pay rolls as a pensioner at the salary that had been paid to her late husband. Mrs. Sims is to be a beneficiary as stated, so long as she is not in receipt of other income. In the event of her remarriage, of course, the pension will be discontinued. These facts are worthy of mention here as disproving the generally accepted theory that corporations have no souls.

Planning to Invade China

In the event that Willis H. Booth is not elected United States senator to succeed Frank P. Flint, he will go to China in August as president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Coast, at the head of a commercial embassy, one of the most important sent to the orient from the United States since we have been a nation. Mr. Booth has been advised by the state department that the details for the trip have been all worked out in Washington as well as in Pekin. The occasion is to be the first world's fair ever held in China, such an exhibition having been planned to be held in Nanking about the time the American visitors arrive. The Chinese government has formally invited Mr. Booth and his associates to visit that country, and they will be guests of Pekin from the time they leave the Pacific coast until they return home again. They are to visit the interior of the yellow empire, places that the av-

erage tourist does not see. Every chamber of commerce in California, Washington, Oregon and the intermountain west is to be represented in the embassy.

Express to Move to Larger Quarters

I hear that the Evening Express will move into its new quarters on Hill street, below Seventh, by June 1. The property was acquired upon a lease for twenty years, so as to net six per cent upon a valuation of ninety thousand dollars. The site belongs to two brothers, who accumulated a large fortune with a certain fly paper that has a national reputation. Naturally, I am interested in this new move since the Express building on Fifth street, which is offered for sale, was erected under my personal supervision, when Mr. Earl was in Europe, eight years ago. We little thought then that the quarters provided would prove too small within a decade. Coming from the rented rooms in the Hellman building on Second street, occupying the composing room conjointly with the Herald, whose plant we leased, the new home of the Express appeared palatial. I well remember the joy I had in bringing the site to Mr. Earl's notice, and his reluctance to pay \$30,000 for the property, on which was a saloon. But he admitted the force of my argument that it would soon be in the center of activities, and with an alley running through to Fourth street was invaluable for the purpose. The day we moved in he could have cleared \$30,000 on his investment, and I suppose the lot is easily worth \$100,000 today.

Senator Flint to Go Abroad

Word comes from Washington that United States District Attorney Devlin of San Francisco is to be permitted to serve out his term, in spite of the report against his confirmation at one time registered by the senate judiciary committee. It was Senator Flint who saved Devlin, after Senator Perkins had been enlisted by the opposition. Senator Flint, I hear, is not to return to Los Angeles to take part in the coming state campaign. Instead, he and members of his family will sail for Europe as soon as congress adjourns. Later, Senator Flint may be induced to make at least one speech in behalf of the Republican state ticket. His preference, however, is not to mix in politics for at least a year, after he retires from office next March.

Is Chief Cook to be Drafted?

There is to be a change in the management of police affairs in Los Angeles, according to a report that reaches me by way of San Francisco. In spite of denials, it is insisted that former Chief Cook of the northern metropolis before long may assume charge here. Cook was in the city this week, inquiring into conditions at police headquarters. What he reported to Mayor Alexander is said to have amazed the executive. It is hinted that the San Franciscan revealed startling things to the police board, whose members, no one doubts, are more than anxious to give to the city the best police administration ever experienced. It need surprise no one to learn that the San Francisco police official is invited to transfer his activities to Los Angeles, to end a situation that has caused Mayor Alexander and his administration much grave concern, due primarily to the egregious error of starting in wrong with Dixon in temporary command.

Politics in Highway Commission Row

Is it possible that the controversy so vigorously waged by the advisory board to the highway commission is the result of shrewd partisanship? It is insisted by many that the proposed nomination of S. A. Butler, as supervisor in place of "Tuss" Eldridge, is responsible for the charges and countercharges. The latter is planning to seek another term in the coming primary unless the organization leaders decide that it would be impolitic to have him enter the running. I hear that his sponsor, Leo Youngworth, is not fully satisfied that "Tuss" can land the persimmon. Eldridge insists that he intends to go before the people unless he is pulled down by Walter Parker. Parker, I understand, has been urged in certain quarters to annex the Soldiers' Home to Eldridge's district, in order to insure the latter's nomination and his election.

Jack Elliott to Come Back

It will please John B. Elliott's many friends here to learn that he is to resume his duties as Los Angeles correspondent of the Associated Press early in the summer, just as soon as congress shall have adjourned. Jack has been working pretty hard in Washington, I am advised, but the field in the national capital has not proved altogether a bed of roses. It has been considerable of a

grind, the covering of the lower house, which was the Elliott assignment ever since he went east; what with the Cannon fight and other stirring incidents, there has been no loafing on the job. He told Motley Flint, who saw him two weeks ago, that he is more than anxious to return to Southern California.

Mrs. Clara Foltz' New Duties

It was not at all bad politics for Capt. J. C. Fredericks to appoint Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz a deputy district attorney, and that she will give a good account of herself in the performance of her new duties is certain. It is not unlikely that Mrs. Foltz will be heard on the stump in the coming campaign. I am told that she is an eloquent speaker, which, by the way, is a family accomplishment.

Important Santa Monica Deal

Of great interest to Santa Monica is the acquisition this week of all the Senator Jones real estate holdings there and at the Palisades by a syndicate, at the head of which is Arthur W. Fleming of Pasadena, who has charge of the extensive Fowler properties, R. C. Gillis, who represents the Harriman interests in the Los Angeles Pacific railroad, and Harry M. Gorham, a nephew of Senator Jones, who, with his family, will occupy his beautiful mission cottage at the Palisades this summer. I understand that it is the intention of the syndicate to inject new life into the attractive beach resort, and I should not be surprised to learn that the first improvement projected will be the building of an artistic hotel on the site of the old Arcadia, than which no more charming building spot is to be found up and down the coast. I congratulate Santa Monica on the consummation of this big deal, which is likely to be prolific of great things for the beautiful beach town.

If the Two Johnsons are Successful

In the event that Hiram Johnson is elected governor and Grove L. Johnson again returns to the legislature, for which he is a perennial candidate, what a remarkable spectacle will be presented in the state capital at the legislative session next winter. It has been an open secret for years that the Lincoln-Roosevelt gubernatorial aspirant and his father are not on speaking terms. If the one should be a member of the assembly and the other attain to the executive chair, what a curious situation will be presented. Heaven forbid that the younger man should have to take counsel of the older.

State Campaign in Active Progress

With all of the principal Republican aspirants for governor making an active canvass, the state campaign may be said with truth to be in full swing. Secretary of State Charles F. Curry is in Southern California, and Alden Anderson is due here in a few days. Philip A. Stanton will be working his way northward within a week, and Hiram Johnson continues to talk in Central California. Alden Anderson is scheduled to be in Riverside May 5.

Patriots' Case to be Investigated

I am glad to see that congress is to investigate the case of Magon, Villareal and Rivera, alleged revolutionists, first arrested in Los Angeles at the instance of the government of Mexico. At the time these men were taken into custody it was insisted that no actual evidence could be adduced to support the charge of inciting to revolution. Since then the men have been held in prison in Arizona, with a certainty that if they ever are landed on Mexican soil they will not live long. More than one lawyer who has made a study of the subject here is convinced that the accused are in custody illegally, and that the quirks of the American law have been used for the purpose of tying the hands and of closing the lips of well-meaning patriots, whose chief offense has been an attempt to give to their country a taste of real democracy.

Knowland to Succeed Perkins

I am informed that the Republican machine in Oakland, of which Associate Justice Henshaw of Alameda is the big chief, has decided to make Congressman Joseph R. Knowland of that city its candidate for senator to succeed George C. Perkins, in 1913. Because of that program, Governor Gillett is not to be encouraged in his tentative ambition to succeed Senator Frank P. Flint. The Henshaw organization has no desire that the senator next year shall hail from the north, preferring that Southern Californians shall name the man at this time. In this way political equilibrium, it is expected, will not be disturbed. But for

this plan the Gillett effort would have been pushed more energetically than has been done. Meanwhile, the Times is wasting its editorial oratory.

Leo Not to Worry the Sheriff

Leo V. Youngworth, having been named for United States marshal for another four years by President Taft, makes it a certainty that so far as the coming county campaign is concerned he will not aspire to be the next sheriff of Los Angeles county. What he may do four years hence, however, in this direction, I would not care to say.

Is Johnson a Democrat?

I am wondering just where the Democracy of California will finally land in the coming struggle. There was a time, and not so many years ago, either, when Hiram Johnson, single taxer and low tariff advocate he was then, professed to be a follower of Thomas Jefferson. So far as known Mr. Johnson never has made a public profession of faith to the contrary. In the Gage-Maguire campaign, I believe it was, the Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate for governor was a warm adherent of the Democratic gubernatorial aspirant. Former Congressman Maguire, by the way, was then and is now one of the most pronounced single taxers in the United States.

Charley McDonald Slips Through

In a recent issue of the Times I read that "The latest candidate for the Republican nomination for state printer is Charles F. McDonald of Los Angeles, a party worker." That Charley McDonald would, if elected, give an excellent account of himself is certain.

For the Man Who Smiled

[TO DAN BEARD]

[The most touching and withal the most appropriate of the many floral tributes sent by loving friends and admirers to do honor to the memory of the late Mark Twain was the wreath of mountain laurel from Dan Beard, an old friend and neighbor of the humorist, who illustrated many of his books. The night preceding the funeral of his friend, Dan Beard made his way in the darkness to pick wild laurel, emblem of immortality, from the Tamarack Hills, and sat up into the small hours to weave the wreath with his own hands. It is significant that this was the only floral piece that accompanied the coffin to its final resting place.]

There's a rift in the thicket of laurel
That clustered o'er Tamarack's crest,
There's a branch that is twisted and broken
To mantel a hero at rest.
Alone in the silent watches,
Before the last ritual was said,
A man had woven the garland
For a friend who had smiled and is dead.

There's a grave by the silent river,
Where the tiger-hued lilies blow,
That holds the still form of a hero
Who smiled to vanquish earth's woe.
A wreath of mountain laurel
Keeps watch o'er the hoary head,
And caresses with pure white petals
A friend who had smiled and is dead.

There is something fine in the symbol—
The thought of a cherished friend
For a man, who through sorrow and heartache,
Had labored and smiled to the end.
The thicket of mountain laurel
That shelters o'er Tamarack's head
Sends ever a message of beauty
For a friend who had smiled and is dead.

When the great of earth have been garnered,
And Fame in her mantle of gold
Has lavished her bounties upon them,
Too heavy for mortals to hold,
The judgment angel is waiting
Ere the final records are filed,
With a wreath of mountain laurel
For the man who has labored and smiled.
EVERETT C. MAXWELL.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes.
Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings
Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements.

Heckel

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EIGHTEEN
MEDALS

Studio and Art Gallery 336½ So. Broadway
SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF OILS NOW ON VIEW



After reading her publishers' announcements that Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Tower of Ivory," is not a novel of divorce, international marriages (save, incidentally), New York society, the Tenderloin, or numerous other things, the reader closes the book harboring a desire that the author had chosen at least one of those subjects, as it might have afforded more savory reading. Because the average American does not possess that elusive quality denoted as psychology, Mrs. Atherton has refused to write of him. Though she admits that she would not do the actual writing of her story elsewhere, she complains that America does not afford a background for a novel, that her native country offers no inspiration; therefore she has laid the scenes of her tale in Munich and London.

For her heroine she takes a wonderful singer of American birth and mysterious parentage, and christens her Margarethe Styr. Margarethe has a past that would put the courtesan Sappho—not the poet—to shame, yet she has retained a divine youthfulness, and has gained a wonderful soul through her "experiences." Also, Margarethe has that power (with which woman novelists so frequently endow the children of their brain) of singing in such wonderful fashion that her listeners have dreams that would do credit to a hasheesh delusion.

For her hero, Mrs. Atherton chooses a young English nobleman, John Ordham by name. John is a nice young man of twenty-four, with a baby face, the sophistication of a King Leopold, the white soul of a novice in a monastery, and the charm of a naive school boy. John is exceedingly noble—yes, indeed. He refuses to soil his aristocratic hands with labor, even though his creditors clamor at his door. John simulates anger when his tailor requests payment of a large bill—the rude chap! John cannot even find his "bawth" tub when he goes avisting. Instead, he wanders barefooted about the corridors, in a pink dressing gown with green facings, until a grim German fraulein finds and fills his tub for the dear boy. John is also a true sport. We know it, because he informs this same fraulein that he possesses two hundred and eighty-four neckties, the same number of handkerchiefs and shirts and socks, to match. John is also an honorable man—with the same brand of honor that led Brutus to stab Caesar. John makes love to his neighbor's wife, but when she capitulates and develops a jealousy and ardor that threatens to discompose him, he flees to his divinity for protection. These are a few of John's psychological traits.

Of course, John and Margarethe meet in romantic fashion. But John does not fall in love with the prima donna while he is free. No, being a psychological young man, he waits until after he marries a pretty, shallow American heiress who love him with the depth of her little soul. After the wedding, John discovers that Margarethe is his affinity. He leaves his girl-wife at a critical moment, and goes to Margarethe to declare his passion. While he is seeking her, frantic messages reach him that his wife's life depends upon his return to her bedside, and that his new-born son is already dead. By this time John's psychology is developed to such a degree that he puts off seeing his wife until he has found his prima donna and heard the story of her life. At the last moment he returns to his wife's bedside and witnesses her pitiful death from heart-hunger. After this pleasant scene comes a denouement dramatic and entirely unexpected—a denouement as artistic as it is improbable.

It is a lovely story. John and Margarethe say so many things that are psychological. Their commonplaces become epigrams; instead of merely saying "good morning," in natural fashion, they lapse into rhetorical passages. They analyze their feelings with beautiful egotism. John soars to hyperbolic rhapsodies when he lays his heart at his lady's feet. If John's love-

making is a sample of what Mrs. Atherton considers the real, fourteen-carat gold, commend us to the commonplace utterances of the everyday man. These latter will say in a blunt, embarrassed voice, unsteady with manly emotion, "I love you." Thank heaven for the honest Americans and sturdy Britons who are not psychological!

Mrs. Atherton has written her story with the experienced hand of the veteran novelist, with fine choice of words, well built situations. Many of the brilliant sayings which she puts in the lips of her characters must compel admiration for the novelist. They are the fruit of a ripe and cynical wisdom, the lucid thoughts of a woman who has delved below the surface of life. But she has misused a talent that is far from ordinary. Instead of winning sympathy, her two vital characters appear tawdry, unreal, cheaply dramatic, sensuous. Mrs. Atherton's outlook on life, as represented in "Tower of Ivory," is distorted. The book is not inviting reading for the healthy mind. ("Tower of Ivory," By Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Co.)

"Hopalong Cassidy"

Here is a rollicking tale of the wild and woolly west—or southwest, the scene being laid in the "cow pastures" of Texas. There is a girl in it, of course, but not too deep. The story is about cow punchers, greasers, boundary disputes, and an awful battle between rustlers and rangers. Blood flows on nearly every page. Good men are killed, and a whole bunch of wicked rustlers (stock thieves) are obliterated. Hopalong Cassidy is the hero. His daredevil deportment and his narrow escapes provide many a thrill—and on the last page he wins the girl, the only girl for miles and miles around. Scattered here and there through the book are fine bits of scenic painting. The author, Clarence E. Mulford, knows his country and now and then his busy tale halts long enough to give the reader a glimpse of the range, the mesa, the desert, and the stream on the southern boundary, where all the trouble began.

There are some deft touches in the wild, wild story—an impressionistic sketch here and there that surprise and delight the reader who might be too old and blase to gather many thrills from the main events of the tale. Bar-20 and H2 are the ranches that war in the first few chapters. But soon they discover that a band of rustlers is stealing cattle from both ranches. They combine forces and proceed to administer frontier justice. This is no easy matter, for the cattle thieves have rendezvoused on an impregnable bluff on the mesa, at the edge of the desert. This stronghold is surrounded by the ranchers—and then there is war and blood-letting until the last bandit is wiped out. Of course, the rustlers have everything their way at first. Their natural fort is unapproachable—for several chapters. Then a few daring ones scale the rocky wall at an unexpected place on a dark night—and there are a few chapters of skirmishing. But it all ends well—for the ranchers—and perhaps for the rustlers, too, for their earthly troubles are all over about two pages this side of the point where Hopalong Cassidy starts on his ride to the Meeker ranch, to bring back his bride.

There are a number of handsome full-page illustrations in color, depicting several of the many stirring scenes in this tale of nothing but stirring events. ("Hopalong Cassidy," By Clarence E. Mulford. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Magazines For May

Scribner's for May contains many strong articles of interest besides a number of entertaining fiction stories. Theodore Roosevelt's "African Game Trails" is continued, this the eighth installment, recounting the hunting party's experiences on Lake Naivasha and vicinity. J. Laurence Laughlin writes of "The Increased Cost of Living," a topic which is still receiving a world-wide discussion. Walter Prichard Eaton's "Roads" has an appealing interest, especially through its illustrations which give an almost irresistible call to the nature lover. Frederick C. Howe contributes an article on "City Building in Germany." "Malbone and His Miniatures" is written of by R. T. Halsey. Contributions to the fiction department are Donal Hamilton Haines, Richard Harding Davis, Alice Duer Miller and Helen Haines.

Dan Merrithew

By Lawrence Perry



IF you like a spirited well-told story of young love and young courage on the high seas—this is the book you want.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES TODAY

Illustrated by J. V. McFall.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

Of interest to all lovers of the Wizard of the North is a catalogue of the Scott Centenary Exhibition, held at Edinburgh, July and August, 1871, to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott. I use the term "catalogue" because that appears on the title page of the handsome quarto before me, with its wide margins, its beautiful half-tone reproductions of Scott portraits, death masks, busts, tapestries and paintings, its full-page reproductions in facsimile of Scott manuscripts, original letters, and engravings depicting scenes in Scott's life and at his death. It was my find this week at the Old Book Shop, and I have passed several enjoyable hours deciphering the Scott handwriting in his famous poem "The Lady of the Lake," the concluding page of "The Lord of the Isles," and of "Rob Roy," all showing many interesting variations from the printed text of the authorized Waverley edition. The Scott exhibition, doubtless, was suggested by the feste at Florence, Italy, in May, 1865, in commemoration of the sixth centenary of the birth of Dante. What the Italian poet was and is to his country and to his native city, the author of the Waverleys was and is to Scotland and Edinburgh.

Encouraged by this precedent, the Scott enthusiasts set to work, and, although the time was short in which to collect the material, the committee of management labored to such purpose that three months from the day the celebration was first suggested memorials of Scott, in great numbers and of absorbing interest, were in hand and the exhibition opened July 15, 1871. In the thirty-six days succeeding, upward of twelve thousand visitors were in attendance, a small admission fee being charged. The total receipts were \$3,450, and the expenditures \$2,740, leaving a surplus of \$710, which it was decided to invest in a permanent catalogue of the exhibition, an inventory, as complete as possible, of the memorials of Sir Walter Scott existing at the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Six hundred copies were printed, two hundred of which were for presentation to the persons who had co-operated in the exhibition, and four hundred were placed on sale. My copy, apparently, is one of the latter.

Naturally, the autograph manuscripts of Scott, reproduced in this catalogue, focus my attention. When I think of the unwearied hand that penned those prolific Waverley novels, averaging as they do two hundred and forty thousand words to a book, I am impressed by the tremendous physical undertaking Scott set himself. Lockhart, in his admirable life of Scott, has told us how the author was to be seen, night after night, in the bow window of his house in Castle street, adding to the

pile of written sheets that his great industry had produced. What a boon had been a typewriter and a stenographer to this mental giant! That the drudgery of writing, the mechanical work, hastened his end by paralyzing his nerve forces is not to be questioned. That so many of his original manuscripts were preserved is due to the peculiar circumstances in which the earlier Waverley novels were published. In conveying the existing copyrights to his publishers, the Messrs. Constable and Company, in December, 1818, the instrument contained a clause by which the firm bound itself never to divulge the name of the author during his life, under penalty of \$10,000. This same clause was repeated in a subsequent deed in 1821.

It was Sir Walter Scott himself who broke the seal of secrecy, after nine years of anonymity. The public acknowledgment by Sir Walter of the authorship of the Waverley novels took place February 23, 1827, at a theatrical fund dinner in the assembly rooms, Edinburgh, at which he presided. When financial disaster overtook his publishers, the Constables, the autograph manuscripts which Scott had presented to the head of the house, were ordered sold for the benefit of the creditors, and at a book auction in London the originals of "The Monastery," "Guy Mannering," "Old Mortality," "Antiquity," "Rob Roy," "Peveril of the Peak," "Waverley," "The Abbot," "Ivanhoe," "The Pirate," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Kenilworth," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," brought a total of \$1,585, or an average of only \$122 each.

It will be recalled that in order to maintain the secrecy imposed, all Sir Walter Scott's manuscripts passed through the hands of James Ballantyne and having been transcribed by an amanuensis, employed confidentially, were returned by Mr. Ballantyne to the author or to his friend, Mr. Erskine. This explains why so few sheets were destroyed and accounts for their escape from the usual devastating hands of the printer. Scott's letters on demonology and witchcraft, which work was the subject of a browsing five or six weeks ago, I note, brought \$12.50 at an auction sale in 1848. The chief collector of Scott manuscripts was Robert Cadell, afterward a partner in the re-organized firm of A. Constable and Company. At his death, in 1849, the collection passed to his daughters, who, eighteen years later, disposed of them at an auction sale in London for upward of \$12,000. Scores of private letters, written by Scott, appear in this catalogue, not a few never before printed. It is a valuable addition to the Scott corner of my library.

S. T. C.



EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK
E. B. Smith—Blanchard Gallery.
General Exhibition—Illington Court.

By Everett C. Maxwell

If the newspaper reports are true which announced the recent decision on the part of the regents of the University of California to have removed from the columns of the Sather gateway to the campus the bas reliefs designed by Earl Cummings, depicting eight undraped figures, it will arouse the ire and indignation of broad-minded art lovers in all parts of the country. I sincerely hope the report is erroneous, as it seems incredible that any body of cultivated men, standing at the head of an educational institution of such qualifications for worth and progress, could be so swayed by the opinion of a comparatively few prudish persons, whose objection to the nude in art proclaims either an ignorant or an unclean mind. Their thin disguise of mock modesty, held up to the penetrating searchlight of truth, reveals a deformed soul, which would unhesitatingly seize upon the merest pretext in art or in nature to upbraid the Creator for his noblest masterpiece.

Is it not significant of the divine intention that the human form was the last to be created—the climax of all the good and perfect works of the Almighty fashioned in His own image, perfect in beauty and—nude, yet unashamed? Does any reader believe for a moment that the divine purpose for this state of being was for the ruin and degradation of the races? If it has been the misfortune of some to misuse the power of mind to the extent of limiting their comprehension of the beautiful and giving the base lie to the truth that underlies all nature, it is little less than a human tragedy. It is possible for the unlettered mind, first awakened to conditions beyond itself, to go blindly onward so encumbered by the world's false conceptions and debased reasoning that in its chaotic gropings for a higher plain it rejects beauty, fearing to trust that natural impulse which is to accept and admire, thus barring itself completely from the love feast of truth. These are the people who are their own stumbling blocks; they never attain the goal because they cannot get past themselves.

Considering the question of the value of the nude in art from a purely material point of view, as it applies itself to the success or failure of a painting or statue, I will endeavor so to temper facts with idealism that the critical and over-fastidious will not feel my statements to be mere flippancies concerning only the commercial value of the nude model in relation to a saleable work of art. My purpose is only to lay before the public a few conditions that have been common studio property for many years. For the highest expression of truth and beauty in art, the use of the nude is absolutely indispensable, and the study of the naked form is the chiefest requisite for the representation of human kind in paint or marble. Man's most interesting study is man. He is the only object in the universe which we need not anthropomorphize in order to realize. His actions, his movements, are the only things we comprehend directly without effort. Hence, there is nothing with which we are familiar that possesses such artistic possibilities as his body. The human figure has, since art began, formed the chief object of the painter's and sculptor's interest, and so it will do until the end.

Perfect understanding of the anatomical construction of the body is the foundation to all art knowledge. It is not nearly so well known as it should be, that most sculptors and painters first model or draw the figure nude before arranging the drapery upon it. This is shocking, isn't it? Nevertheless, this method is necessary to insure perfect construction, which gives proportion, solidity and truth to the finished painting. As painters care more for form and structure than for color and effect, there is no cure for this evil. When the painter dispenses with this

preliminary drawing, as in the case of portraiture, he must rely for the success of his painting on the knowledge gained by long years of study from the naked figure. No matter how elaborate the robe, the trained eye of the artist sees only the form beneath, thus only does his drawing construct. Were it not for the study from the nude, the only art we would possess today would be the purely decorative and the purely landscape. No doubt some would be content with these. There is no accounting for tastes.

There exists, however, a much stronger reason why artists have devoted themselves to the study of the nude. If ideas are to be graphically expressed, they must be incarnated, and the human figure is the only medium for expressing abstract ideas in art. If a great or simple idea is to be expressed, such as Fear, Grief, Love, Hope or Despair, the figure must be natural—hence, nude. When Greek art introduces drapery, it is used only for ornamentation, and not for covering. Drapery may give mass and dignity to the whole by contrasting small folds with the broader forms of the naked body. At the same time it is a hindrance to artistic expression, and when it is employed, the artist invariably suggests the natural lines of the body by his arrangement of its folds and curves. But how much more convincing and definite would be the idea embodied if the figure were in the nude. Drapery hinders the conveyance of tactile values and makes the rendering of movement almost impossible. To realize the wonderful play of muscles, their relaxing and tightening under tension of various human emotions, we must deal with the nude to attain our highest ideal.

With the Greeks and Florentines the used of the nude was employed simply because of their delight in the beauty of form, which, in the human figure, reaches its apex. The early Venetians found added delight in the color and texture of flesh, and by tinting their marbles introduced a new art of the nude. Then it was that artists discovered that the color, the softness, and the delicate light and shadow of flesh is more lovely than precious stones, and then they began to paint it in oils on canvases. The development of modern art has been a steady advance from that time. Ever since, certain artists have dealt entirely with the nude in order to set a standard of construction and draftsmanship for the craft. The serious student of the nude in all ages has set and preserved the standard of form for the entire profession. The value of the nude in art cannot be overrated. Neither can it be appreciated, as we have brought rudely home to us in the Sather gate comedy. Surely, if art is the expression of man's delight in the beauty of nature, its highest and purest form is the expression of his delight in what is highest and most beautiful in nature, the human form.

No word has yet come from the librarian at the University of California at Berkeley in answer to the letter sent by Arna Beckley, head of the art department of the public library, asking for a verification of the reported removal of the eight bas reliefs decorating the Sather gate to the campus on the strength of numerous complaints received from co-eds and townspeople, who were shocked at the sight of nude figures used in a decorative way. Miss Beckley expects a letter from the authorities in a few days, when I shall hope to reprint it in full in The Graphic.

In reviewing the present showing in oils by Ernest Browning Smith, now on view at Blanchard Gallery, it seems only fair to treat it in the light of all seriousness, as any public exhibition of such pretensions demands. By so doing, I wish to do full justice to the artist, who, self-taught, has the indomitable courage to display in a professional manner, a collection that at once challenges criticism. It can be said in favor of the canvases that they interest one from the standpoint of comparison with Mr. Smith's last exhibition and with the work of other men. To a great degree, I believe this work is sincere, but how much bad drawing, poorly-balanced compositions, and crude color is one willing to cover up by sincerity?

Mr. Smith's most treacherous stumbling block is his evident lack of color sense; that is, the cultivation of color perception that enables the artist to see the subtle tints in nature indiscern-

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ible to the superficial eye of the layman. A careful study of the anatomy of nature is also required to be able to portray it convincingly. The trees grow out of the earth, the trees into it. This must be felt in a painting. Rocks lie heavily, clouds float lightly, and all nature sings and is in constant vibration. Again, how local color will influence the smallest object of the densest mass in the landscape about it, and how closely related is the earth to the rocks, the rocks to the shrubs, the shrubs to the trees, and the trees to the hills, the hills to the clouds, and, O, dear painter, the task you have set yourself is a hard one—but art is long, ages long. Nothing that God made holds so profound a secret as nature, for it is the Great Mother of truth and perfect order. Study her more sympathetically paint and destroy, repaint and discard, ponder long—then bid in your guests.

Formal opening of Illington Court, corner Grand avenue and Washington street, which took place Thursday afternoon and evening of last week, was a brilliant affair. The handsome galleries were hung with the work well-known local painters. As this collection is not yet fully complete, I shall defer my review of the paintings until next week.

Kanst Gallery, which has been closed for several weeks, undergoing extensive improvements, will be re-opened to the public Monday.

Ernest Browning Smith will continue his exhibition for one week longer, after which Blanchard Gallery will close for the season. The general spring exhibition again will be dispensed with, as it was last year. Two years in succession probably means that this cherished art event is a thing of the past.

F. E. Stone has just completed an excellent medallion portrait in bas relief of the late Mark Twain. Mr. Stone, whose work as a sculptor is well known, was awarded a gold medal for his display at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

Annye Honigman, Musical Prodigy
Should Annye Honigman, the latest prodigy to be developed in Los Angeles, become one of the world's famous pianists, she will have as romantic a history as press agent could desire. The Graphic is in possession of an im-



ANNYE HONIGMAN

migration tag from the department of commerce and labor, which bears little Miss Honigman's name. She is but twelve years of age, yet, with a younger sister, she crossed the ocean from Warsaw, Russia, to New York, and traversed the continent from the metropolis to Los Angeles. Three months and a half ago the child, without any knowledge of English, began the study of music under the direction of Mrs. Burgess. Her unusual ability was

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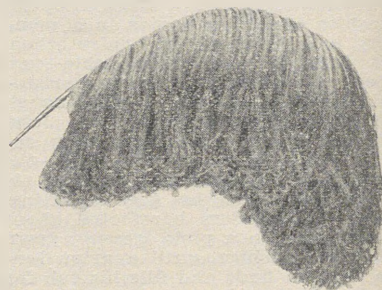
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HEINRICH VON STEIN,

Students enter any time. President.

immediately demonstrated, and her teacher has arranged to give the public an opportunity to hear her Saturday night, April 30, at Brown's Hall, corner of Vermont and Melrose avenues. Her program includes: Sailor's Dream (Wheeler), Moonlight on the Hudson, op. 60 (Wilson), Le Torronet de la Mongague, op. 13 (Sydney Smith), Sailor Boy's Dream (Wheeler) accompaniment to Mrs. Burgess's reading, The Wayside Chapel, op. 42 (Wilson), Harmonious Blacksmith (Handel).

MUSIC

AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

The Woman's Orchestra gave its only concert this season last Friday night at the Temple Auditorium. About sixty women make up this praiseworthy organization, whose object is primarily the study of orchestral works, not the public presentation of them. However, once a year the so-inclined may hear the Woman's Orchestra in a concert prepared for the public. Last week the balance in the instrumentation was improved markedly by added brass instruments and more double basses. The string portion always has been capable and strong, and this fact should not lure the first violins into a headstrong lead. There were many instances of this at the last concert, which required special effort on the part of the capable conductor, Mr. Hamilton, to set right. By far the best work of the orchestra was done in the Emperor concerto by Beethoven. Much credit is due the orchestra for this rendition. Paloma Schramm, the piano soloist, gave a brilliant and scholarly playing of this tremendous work. In the adagio movement she displayed great depth of expression and met the exacting and difficult demands of the rondo convincingly. For an encore she gave *Frühlingsnacht* (Schumann-Liszt) a musicianly and delightful rendering. The soprano soloist, Miss Blanche Ruby, was handicapped in the Mignon aria by the inadequacy of the accompaniment, but her beautiful voice and thoroughly musical qualities gave much pleasure. Miss Ruby's voice sounds lower and richer than in her earlier appearances here, but her high notes are faulty in emission, a serious detriment to this charming singer's otherwise excellent work.

The Woman's Orchestra will assist Mr. Archibald Sessions at his next organ recital, which date has been postponed to Wednesday evening, May 11.

Announcements of operas performed in English have, to date, been followed by lamentations of the deplorable delivery of the English language at these presentations. Consequently, when the writer heard a comic opera given at the polytechnic high school last week (the work was a clever bit by Rhys Herbert, called "A Nautical Knot"), and listened to our beautiful language sung with pure vowelization, no effort, but on the contrary with perfect ease and distinct enunciation by the Girls and Boys Glee Club of the school, she feels it is a fact to be proclaimed from the housetops. Of course, the credit is due Mrs. Gertrude Parsons and Miss Dickson, the directors of the music, for, without their perfect understanding of how to accomplish these results, there would have been no such commendatory rendition. About eight young people had solos or duets, and without an exception the hearer could sit back and catch every sentence with the repose that comes when listening to a good reader. The same was true of the choruses which were sung with a tonal and rhythmic effect remarkably good. The voices of all, including the principals, were excellent, and at no time were they allowed to force or resort to tricks to accomplish effects. There was some ensemble work which one would have to look farther than some of our leading organizations to find. The orchestra of the school played accompaniments well, following its director exactly.

Surely a feast of good music has been provided for next week, when the Damrosch orchestra opens its engagement. Assisting will be a quartet of leading American singers: Mme. Sara Anderson, soprano, who, after triumphs in this country, several years ago, went to Europe to sing in opera, and only returned this season; Mme. Van der Veer, contralto, had pronounced success in London before her return to New York for active professional work; Reed Miller, who has held an immutable position as a leading tenor for several years, and Marcus Kellerman,

baritone, is not the least of these artists because he comes last. In order that patrons may know what is in store for them, I append the complete programs:

MAY 2, MONDAY EVENING

Symphony "From the New World" (Dvorak). "The Two Grenadiers" (Schumann). Mr. Marcus Kellerman: Overture Miniature. Russian Dance, Chinese Dance, Dance of the Whistle-



SARA ANDERSON, PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO

pipers, from the "Nutcracker" suite (Tchaikovsky). Moment Musical (Schubert). Spinning Song (Mendelssohn). Air from "Sappho" (Gounod). Mue. Van der Veer: Scherzo, op. 45 (Goldmark).

Tuesday evening the program will be devoted to Wagner and is:

WAGNER PROGRAM

Overture: Elizabeth's Air. Mme. Anderson: Song of the Evening Star. Mr. Kellerman: Tannhauser. Prelude: Elsa's Dream. Mme. Anderson: Prelude and Bridal Chorus: Lohengrin. Prize Song. Mr. Reed Miller: Dance of the Apprentices. Meistersinger. Spring Song and Finale from Act 1. Mme. Anderson and Mr. Miller: Walkure. Love Music and Brangäne's Warning from Act 2. Mesdames Anderson and Van der Veer and Mr. Miller: Isolde's Death. from Act 3; Tristan and Isolde.

At the matinee Wednesday afternoon the program will consist of:

Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Nicolai); Unfinished Symphony (Schubert); Air from "Le Cid." "Fleur de yeux" (Masse-net). Mme. Anderson: Hungarian Symphony No. 1 (Liszt); Overture, "Lenore," No. 3 (Beetho-



MARCUS KELLERMAN, BASSO

ven); Religious Scene. Electra decorates the tomb of Agamemnon. from "Les Erynnies" (Massenet). cello obligato. Mr. Kefer: Group of Songs. Mme. Anderson: Dance of the Sylphs. Dance of the Will o' the Wisp. Rake's March. from "Damnation of Faust" (Berlioz).

For the closing program, Wednesday evening, will be:

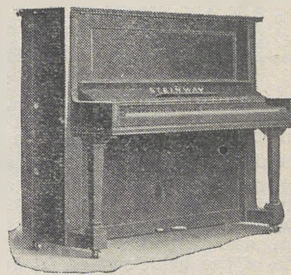
Overture, "Mignon" (Thomas); Symphony in C (Jupiter) (Mozart); Air from "Aida," Act 1 (Verdi). Mr. Reed Miller: Don Juan. Symphonic Poem (R. Strauss); Serenade, "Under the Balcony" (Lacombe). Spinning Song (Mendelssohn). Air, "If With All Your Hearts," from "Elijah"

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(Mendelssohn). Mr. Reed Miller: March to the Scaffold, from the "Fantastique Symphony" (Berlioz); Russian Song (Rimsky-Korskov).

Olga Steeb, the pianist, has been concertizing in Northern California, but will return to Los Angeles for two more recitals, May 17 and the afternoon of May 21.

Classical music will predominate in the park concerts of New York city this summer. Heretofore the twenty thousand dollars appropriated each year for park music has been paid principally for music of a "ragtime" quality. After a consultation with two well-known orchestra leaders, Commissioner Stover announced that the cost for classical music would be no greater than for "ragtime."

Mr. Charles H. Demorest, a well-known eastern organist who has recently come to Los Angeles, gave the following program Thursday evening at an organ recital at Westlake M. E. church, where he is now regular organist:

Sonata in A minor (Borowski); To a Wild Rose (MacDowell); An Autumn Sketch (Brewer); Spring Song (Mendelssohn); Song, "To the Evening Star" (Wagner). Mr. Pither: Gavotte in B flat (Handel); Humoreske (Dvorak); Songs, "Out of the Darkness," "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," Cradle Song (Charles H. Demorest). Mr. Pither: Pastorale, Toccata (Charles H. Demorest).

Last week a few of the many appreciative press notices accorded Miss Lella Holterhoff, after her recent Berlin recital, were published in these columns. The excellent program of songs she gave on this occasion is also of interest, and is herewith presented:

Mit Myrten und Rosen, Requiem, Aus den ostlichen Rosen, Mondnacht (R. Schumann); Frühlingsglaube, Schummerlied, Liebesbotschaft, Forlelle (Fr. Schubert); Auf die Nacht, Auf dem See, Ruhe, Sussleichen, Alte Liebe, Geheimnis (J. Brahms); Hebe auf dein blondes Haupt, Wenn du mein Liebster steigst zum Himmel auf (H. Wolf); O Blater, durre Blater, Mein Schwesterchen, Lenz (H. Kaim).

Miss Holterhoff was accompanied by Fritz Lindermann, one of the best accompanists in Germany.

Oscar Seiling, the well-known violinist, gave a recital in Pasadena, Tuesday evening, assisted by Miss Alice Coleman. The program was Concerto in D minor; Ave Marie (Schubert), Minuet (Beethoven), and Minuet (Mozart), Zephir (Hubay), Russian Airs (Wienlawski). The pianist's numbers were the Fire Music from Wagner's Die Walkure, and a group of three pieces, including Rappelle til (Sgambati), Sea Piece (MacDowell), by request, and Dance of the Dwarfs (Grieg).

College of Music, U. S. C., announces a piano recital by Miss Ella White Foster of the graduating class, Thursday evening April 28, at 8 o'clock, in the college chapel. She will be assisted by Miss Florence Lea, soprano, and Miss Esther Davidson at the piano.

In New York the other day Dr. Wullner gave his last recital there this season, and it was his one hundred and sixth appearance since last October. Dr. Wullner and his assisting pianist, Conrad Bos, return to Los Angeles for two recitals early in May.

D'Albert, Busoni, Mottl, Reuss, Stavenhagen, Stradal, Wolfrum and Wein-gartner are the editors of the complete edition of Liszt's compositions, now being issued in Leipzig by Breitkopf & Hartel. In their prospectus the publishers say pertinently that, if these

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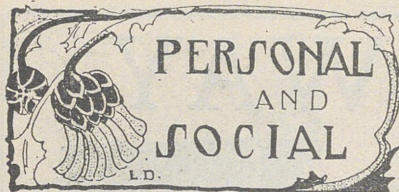
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works really were, as some still maintain, insignificant, the world would have long since passed them by.

A well-known inhabitant of Munich was once asked if he was musical. His answer was: "Musical, I am not; but I can conduct," and, adds Mr. Finck of the New York Post, that's the point; it all depends upon what one understands by conducting.

Richard Strauss, having been asked whether women should be encouraged to conduct orchestras, replied: "All good conductors are under the direction of women, so why not the remainder of the orchestra?"

At a recent concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, which was one of two Beethoven concerts, the choral fantasia was given which required piano solo, chorus (the Bach choir of 800 voices from Montclair, N. J., having been engaged), vocal sextet and orchestra.



By Ruth Burke

Simplicity will mark the wedding this afternoon of Miss Lois Allen and Mr. Harold B. Wrenn, both members of prominent families and favorites in the exclusive society circles. The ceremony will take place at 4:30 this afternoon, and will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. M. T. Allen of Pasadena avenue and Avenue Fifty. Rev. A. G. L. Trew will officiate. Miss Allen will wear a handsome gown of white satin cashmere, embroidered with Easter lilies and trimmed with chiffon. She will carry lilies of the valley and orchids. Her veil will be of Limerick lace. There will be no attendants, except little Misses Phoebe and Katherine Norcross, who will assist as flower girls, and will carry golden baskets filled with pink sweet peas. The music will be rendered by Mrs. J. M. Jones, harpist. Only the members of the immediate families will be present, and following the ceremony a tea will be served. The beautiful and picturesque home will be decorated with quantities of asparagus plumosus and balls of La France roses. Mr. and Mrs. Wrenn will enjoy a wedding trip of several weeks to points of interest in California, and upon their return will make their home at Echo avenue and Avenue Fifty. Later in the summer, they plan to build their own home. Miss Lois Allen, with her sister, Miss Echo Allen, holds an enviable position in the local smart set. She is a handsome young woman of the brunette type, and enjoys every advantage of education and culture. Mr. Wrenn is the son of Mr. John H. Wrenn of Chicago, widely known as one of the wealthiest brokers of that city. He is a graduate of Harvard, where his skill in athletics as well as his excellent scholarship won him distinction.

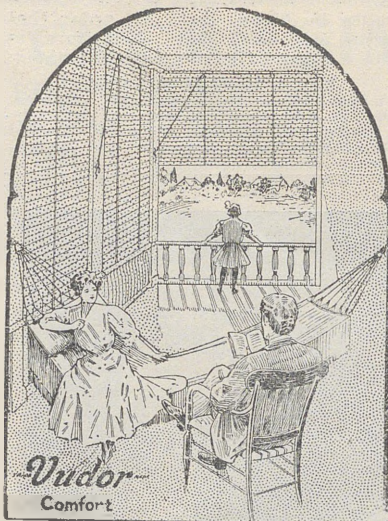
This week's society calendar was marked by the trio of affairs which Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle gave at the opening of her beautiful new home to her host of friends, and also in compliment to Mrs. Nicholas Rice, who leaves soon for a trip abroad, and for Mrs. Stephen Rice, who recently came to Los Angeles to make her future home. The first of the affairs was given Tuesday and was a bridge luncheon. The reception and drawing rooms were prettily decorated in pink and white roses. The library, which is in Japanese furnishings, was decorated with lavender and white iris, and the dining room was arranged with pink and white French daisies. Sixty guests were present. Assisting the hostess were Mmes. W. S. Cross, O. P. Clark, E. C. Bellows, George Burrall, Edwin G. Howard, Valentine Peyton, Charles F. Noyes, W. W. Neuer, Wilbur D. Campbell, Elizabeth Wallis and George L. Crenshaw. Others present were Mmes. Fred O. Johnson, W. W. H. Jamison, Harry Jackins, Carl Kurtz, H. F. Vollmer, F. H. Snowden, J. H. Seymour, Wiley J. Rouse, Warren Spinks, J. H. Spires, J. T. Stewart, F. R. Strong, Sinclair of Chicago, J. V. Peacock, W. H. Sutch, Stephen S. Wilder, E. R. Wolcott, Joseph S. Wilson, James Warren, W. H. Thayer, E. T. Pettigrew, Elizabeth Hutchins, August Marquis, Charles B. Nichols, W. K. Potter, Lester L. Robinson, J. L. Merrill, I. N. Peyton, Horace Miller, E. H. Miller, Edward Forgy, J. A. Frame, Jefferson D. Gibbs, J. H. McCutcheon, Ralph Holmes, E. A. Curtiss, M. W. Everhardy, H. L. Graham, Thomas Hughes, Philip D. Colby, Fred Baker, A. K. Brauer, E. A. Featherstone, James H. Abbot, Robert Brunton, J. A. Bowden and Lewis E. Ford. Wednesday, Mrs. Carlisle entertained with a second bridge luncheon, her guests on this afternoon including Mmes. E. M. Barmore, J. T. Fitzgerald, Philip Forve, A. H. Koebig, Fred W. Beau de Zart, John W. Kemp, Thomas Vigus, Frank E. Walsh, Oliver C. Bryant, H. M. Bishop, Corwin, George Goldsmith, Elizabeth Nash, George Drake Ruddy, W. A. Morehouse, George P. Thresher, M. N. Averill, David Barmore, John Luckenbach, Jennie Kempton, D. W. Walker, H. J. Woollacott, Samuel J. Whitmore, M. S. Robertson, C. O. Nourse, J. R. Powers, Harmon E.

Ryus, A. S. Russell, Seaman, Walter P. Story, R. H. Updegraff, Frank A. Vickrey, Morris Albee, O. H. Churchill, A. E. Malsey, Leon A. Moss, Frank Kelley, Lee C. Gates, C. C. Howland, C. G. Gillett, H. D. Requa, Cuzner, J. W. McAlester, C. A. Boyle, H. W. Blaisdell, William S. Cross, I. B. Cornwall, F. P. Davis, Chester C. Ashley, Laura Armstrong, J. C. Bannister, Richard D. Brownson, George J. Birkel and S. C. Bogart. Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle were host and hostess at a dinner given in compliment to Mrs. Nicholas E. Rice and Mrs. Stephen Rice. The decorations were Cecil Bruner roses, the centerpiece at the table at which Mrs. Nicholas Rice presided being a miniature steamer trunk, filled with the flowers, while Mrs. Stephen Rice's table had for its centerpiece a wicker basket with a French daisy plant. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Rice, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Dr. and Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Jay B. Millard, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben S. Shettler, Dr. and Mrs. George Kress, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Allison Barlow, and Mr. and Mrs. George Bayly.

Society folk just now are feting Miss Grace Rowley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley of Menlo avenue, and one of the most charming of the brides-elect. Several affairs have already been given in honor of Miss Rowley and any number of others are planned between this and the date of her wedding, June 2. One of the most delightful of the pre-nuptial affairs will be the breakfast which Mrs. Henderson Hayward of 2501 Wilshire boulevard will give Tuesday. Seventy guests have been invited for the occasion, these including the maids and matrons of the younger set. The wedding of Miss Rowley and Mr. Thomas C. Ridgeway will take place Thursday evening, June 2, at the Immanuel Presbyterian church, and will be one of the most fashionable of the season's functions. Miss Rowley has chosen her cousin, Miss Evelyn Kennedy of Beloit, Wis., to serve as her maid of honor, and her bridesmaids will be Misses Olive Harpham, Mary Lindley, Mary Burnham, Annis Van Nuys, Florence Silent, Mary Clark, Ruth Sterry and Ethel Shaw. Dr. Henry Owen Eversole will be best man, and the ushers will include Messrs. James Copp, Don Carleton, Kay Crawford, Raymond Moore, Louis Blankerhorn, Joseph Coffman, George Ennis and Courtland Brown.

Plans for the wedding of Miss Rebecca Pearce of Albuquerque, N. M., to Mr. Barbee Hook, son of Mrs. W. S. Hook of West Adams street and Vermont avenue, are being completed. The ceremony will be celebrated at noon, Wednesday, May 18, at the home of the bride-elect's parents, Dr. and Mrs. John F. Pearce. Guests from Los Angeles are to be conveyed to the home in Albuquerque in a private car. The ceremony will be a brilliant one socially. Miss Pearce will have as her matron of honor, Mrs. M. O. Chadbourne of Albuquerque, and her maids will be Misses Katherine Strickler, Dolores Huntington, Mildred Fox of Albuquerque, and Stephanie Prager of Roswell. The best man and ushers will be Messrs. J. E. Hannigan, Fred Phelps, A. L. Schwartz, T. B. Brown and Arthur Ringland. Among the other Los Angelenos who will be guests on the private car are Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hook, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hook, Jr., Mr. Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Griffith, and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stimson.

Local interest is attached to the marriage in Washington this week of Miss Edith L. Sutherland, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Sutherland, to Mr. Robert Elmore of New York and Los Angeles. The ceremony was celebrated in St. Margaret's church, and was marked by much pomp and circumstance, and was attended by President Taft, Vice-President and Mrs. Sherman, several cabinet members with their wives; members of the supreme court and other high officials, and most of the members of the senate. The bride, who was escorted to the altar by her father, was attired in a handsome gown of soft white brocade chameuse satin, draped in tunic effect with chiffon embroidered in orange blossoms. Her veil was held in place with the orange blossoms and her bouquet was of bride roses, with a shower of lilies of the valley. Miss



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Alice Elmore of New York, sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Alice Boutell of Chicago. Miss Frances Goldsborough and Miss Eleanor Ridgely of Washington, and Miss Virginia Beatty of Utah. Mr. Fielding Simmons of New York was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Robert Stead, Mr. Harris Crist and Dr. John Briscoe of Washington; Mr. Morris Parker of New York and Dr. Charles Riley of Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Elmore, after a northern trip, will go to Utah, where he will practice law. Mr. Elmore has many friends in this city, where he made his home for a number of months. He was one of the participants in the recent Kirmess.

For her granddaughter, Miss Virginia Schuneman of St. Paul, Minn., who is her house guest, Mrs. John W. Trueworthy entertained Tuesday with a delightfully appointed reception, the affair being given at her home, 742 Garland avenue. Receiving with the guest of honor and hostess were Mrs. L. R. Sevier, Mrs. H. M. Sale, Mrs. George Feagans and Miss Ada Seeley. In the dining room, Mrs. E. H. Barmore and Mrs. S. C. Bogart poured coffee and served. Other assistants were Mrs. Charles E. Anthony, Mrs. William Lacy, Mrs. W. G. Hutchinson, Mrs. Frank Gordon, Mrs. Harold Braly, Mrs. A. H. Ten Broeck, Mrs. Charles Vient, Miss May Rhodes, Miss Mary Peyton and Miss Viola Foley. The house was attractively decorated and guests were received between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock. Miss Ada Seeley of 1515 South Figueroa street entertained recently for Miss Schuneman and Miss May Rhodes will be her hostess today. The young visitor will leave May 4 for her home in St. Paul, stopping in Chicago for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Armour, who will accompany her to that city, their home, after having passed a part of the winter season in Pasadena.

Word has been received by friends here of the marriage, Monday, of Miss Merelina Evelyn Seymour, daughter of the late Capt. Frederick H. Seymour of the British army, to Mr. Ashbel Newell,

president of the Tennessee Central Railway. The wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Garfield of Mentor, Ohio. The bride is well known here, where the family was associated socially with the exclusive set of Los Angeles, Redondo and Santa Monica. Mr. Newell is a Yale graduate, a former football player of note, and is a son of the late John Newell, president of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, and is prominent in club and social circles of Chicago. The wedding was the culmination of a pretty romance which began in Mexico, the principals being introduced at the palace of President Porfirio Diaz.

Mrs. A. E. Phelps of 2606 Brighton avenue has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mabel Phelps, to Mr. Clarence Douglas Bricker, the wedding to take place in June. Of special interest is this bit of news, as both Miss Phelps and her betrothed are favorites socially here. The bride-elect is a daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Phelps of this city, and is a sister of Mr. Fred Phelps, a member of the California Club and prominent in exclusive circles. Miss Phelps is a graduate of the Los Angeles high school, and for a time was a student at the Marlborough school. Mr. Bricker has just concluded his studies in the University of Michigan, and, returning here, will be associated with his father, Mr. William J. Bricker, who has extensive interests here and in San Francisco. Mr. Bricker has erected a handsome home on Benton boulevard, which will be a home for his bride.

One of the prettiest of the week's society affairs was the bridge luncheon given Wednesday by Mrs. Edward Allyn Featherstone at her home on West Twenty-seventh street. Forty guests were present. The house was attractively decorated for the occasion with a profusion of roses. In the dining room pink roses in large mahogany baskets, tied with bows of pink ribbon, served in the decoration, and the other rooms were arranged with American Beauties. Among the guests were Mmes. Henderson Hayward, Frank

Griffith, William W. Mines, Charles McFarland, E. Irwin Herron, Herbert Kelsey, Waller Chanslor, R. J. Waters, J. W. A. Off, Edwin S. Rowley, Francis J. Carlisle, Dan McFarland, E. H. Moore, Albert H. Beach, F. B. Henderson, Hugh Harrison, Melville G. Eshman, J. T. Stewart, Daniel Innes, Herman Janss, John Milner, J. Bond Francisco, R. H. Howell, E. J. Marshall, A. L. Cheney, Leslie C. Brand, Willard J. Doran, Carl Kurtz, Richard A. Perez, Francis McPherson, Claude Holman, John T. Jones, W. G. Hutchinson, R. A. Featherstone of Monrovia, O. A. Vickery, Misses Augusta Poehler, Irene Poehler and Cora Auten of Pasadena.

Date for the wedding of Miss Beatrice Ayer of Boston to Lieut. George Patton of Fort Sheridan has been set for May 26. The ceremony will be celebrated in Boston, at the home of the bride's parents. Lieutenant Patton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton of San Gabriel and Los Angeles, and his parents and sister, Miss Anita Patton, will be present at the wedding. Miss Ayer is the niece of Mrs. Joseph Banning of this city.

In compliment to her sisters, Mrs. Charles P. Overton of San Francisco and Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones of Piedmont, who are her house guests for a few weeks, Mrs. Frank E. Walsh of 403 South Alvarado street entertained Monday with a luncheon of twelve covers, followed by an informal reception. Guests for the collation included the young women with whom the guests of honor were intimately associated at the time of their residence here several years ago. Later, a large number of other friends and acquaintances of the special guests and their hostess called informally. The home was attractively decorated for the occasion with quantities of pink sweet peas and ferns.

Mrs. John W. Kemp of South Grand avenue, who has been entertaining with a delightful series of bridge luncheons, gave the fourth and concluding one at her home last Saturday afternoon. The house was artistically decorated for the affair, and about forty guests were entertained.

As a surprise to their many friends was the marriage Tuesday morning of Miss Lauraine Harding Bayly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Lombard Harding, to Mr. James E. Woolwine, assistant cashier of the United States National Bank of this city. The ceremony was celebrated in a simple manner and was kept secret from even the closest of their friends. The bride, who has lived here since a child, is popular in the younger set. Mr. Woolwine is the brother of Mr. Thomas Lee Woolwine and a nephew of Mr. W. D. Woolwine, vice-president of the National Bank of California. After a short motoring trip, Mr. and Mrs. Woolwine will return to Los Angeles to make their home.

Two delightful affairs of the week were the card parties given Monday and Thursday by Mrs. Adolph H. Koebig of 2118 Hobart boulevard. Five hundred was played at the first of the affair, about fifty guests being invited. The home was attractively decorated with quantities of roses, arranged about in clusters and jardinières. In the large living room the color effect was in pink. The hall was arranged in Scotch gold roses; the dining room in white, and the den in red. Assisting Mrs. Koebig were Mrs. August Marquis, Mrs. Albert Engebretsen, Mrs. Alfonso Barmann, Mrs. George B. Rowell, Mrs. Julius Koebig, Mrs. Albert Russell, Mrs. Sumter Zombro, Mrs. E. W. Hively, Miss Rose Streudle and Miss Mercedes Ellis. Thursday's diversion was bridge, and the hostess was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. August Marquis, Mrs. George E. Ellis, Mrs. Albert Russell, Mrs. W. T. Covington, Mrs. John Milner, Mrs. Frank Hudson, Mrs. S. C. Bogart and Mrs. Frank Powell. Mrs. Koebig will entertain in the early part of May with a small luncheon in honor of Mrs. August Marquis who will leave about the middle of May for Europe.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. August Marquis, who will leave in May for a trip abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leonard of Chester place gave a handsomely appointed dinner party at their home Tuesday evening. The large, round dinner table seated twenty-two, and its centerpiece was a miniature ship, rigged and in readiness for sailing.

ing. It was formed of yellow sweet peas, and yellow ribbon streamers extended to the plates. These, later, when pulled, made the guests recipients of bouquets of the blossoms and an appropriate favor which was hidden in the bows of the ribbons. The place cards were hand-painted, being ornamented with pictures of steamers. A woman's orchestra played during the dinner and evening, when dancing was enjoyed. Guests included, besides Mr. and Mrs. Marquis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vigus, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Koerberly, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. A. H. Koebig, Miss Rose Streudle, Mr. Kurt Koebig and Mr. Donohue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and Miss Truman left Thursday for the Arrowhead Springs, where they will stay several weeks.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe of 2414 Grand avenue is expecting a house guest in the person of Miss Anita Mathez, who will arrive today or possibly tomorrow from Staten Island, N. Y., to remain with her for several weeks. In honor of her guest, Mrs. Hinchcliffe is planning a luncheon and a number of informal affairs. Miss Mathez, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Methez of Staten Island, is a young woman of extremely attractive personality. She has gained most of her education in Europe and is a talented linguist, speaking five languages fluently. Members of the younger set will be favored in meeting and entertaining this charming young visitor from the east.

One of the enjoyable affairs of recent date was the program rendered at Hotel Hollywood, Sunday evening, by Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond and a few other well-known artists. Mrs. Bond, whose beautiful compositions are world-known, sang several of her songs, including one or two new numbers. Mrs. Bond plans to leave within a week or so for a trip to Honolulu, but will return to Los Angeles again later.

Mr. and Mrs. Will L. Graves, Jr., of Fresno are visiting at the home of Mrs. Graves' parents, Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of 1000 Arapahoe street.

One of the most attractive of the many social affairs planned for next week will be the dinner and card party which Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brent will give Wednesday, May 4, at their home in Berkeley square. Covers will be laid for twenty.

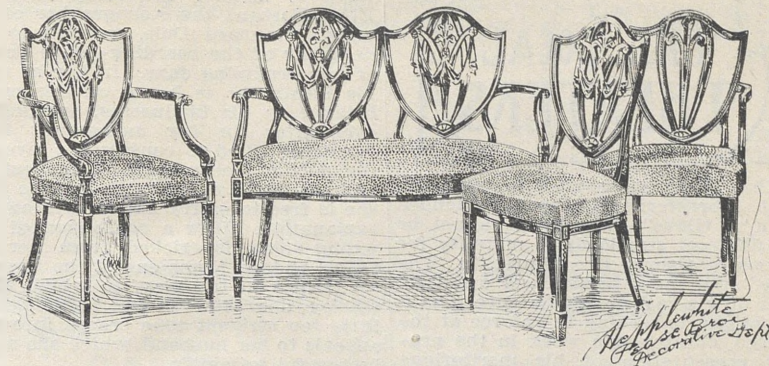
Friends here have received word from Mrs. M. A. Bostwick of 422 West Adams street that she will sail today from New York on the S.S. Amerika for a six months' tour of Europe. She will accompany a party of friends on the trip, and their itinerary will include Oberammergau. Mrs. Bostwick, who has been greatly missed during her prolonged stay in New York city, will return to her home in Los Angeles in October.

Mr. G. Allen Hancock, accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Ernest Haraszthy, left recently for a sea voyage to Japan. They sailed aboard the Siberia and are expected to return to Los Angeles, May 27.

Miss Florence Judd of 1437 South Bonnie Brae street has issued invitations for a five hundred party to be given at her home, Wednesday afternoon, May 4, in compliment to Miss Rose Streudle, a niece of Mrs. August Marquis, whose house guest she is.

Mrs. Thomas Vigus of 2037 Harvard boulevard will be hostess at a luncheon and bridge the afternoon of Thursday, May 12, the affair to be given at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Roberts, Miss Louise and Miss Marie Roberts, Mrs. Sarah S. McAlister of 3644 Wilshire boulevard and Dr. and Mrs. Charles Morris will sail on the S.S. Caronia, June 11, under the bookings of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank, on an extended tour of Ireland, England, Scotland, Germany, France and Italy. Under the same auspices a number of other parties have recently started for various trips to foreign countries. Mr. A. H. Little and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Rowan left April 2 for an extended tour of Europe. They sailed on the



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S.S. Cincinnati, April 28. Mr. and Mrs. John G. Wooley, representative of the National Prohibition party, left the first of the week for San Francisco to take passage on the S.S. Manchuria for a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and Dr. and Mrs. Charles Lee, Mrs. Martha Smith and Miss Ruth Adams are sailing on the same steamer. Word has been received announcing the safe arrival in Yokohama, Japan, of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sale and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davidson, who left Los Angeles, April 12, on a tour of the world.

Mr. C. C. Desmond left recently for a business trip in the east. The members of his family have gone to Ocean Park, where they have opened up their cozy beach cottage for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse A. Burnand of 806 Bonnie Brae street announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Juliette Burnand, to Mr. John Fowler Andrews, Jr., son of Mr. J. F. Andrews, cashier of the German-American Bank. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, at St. John's Episcopal church, Rev. Lewis Gouverneur Morris officiating. The bride was attired in her traveling gown of white broadcloth. Upon their return from a wedding trip, and after June 1, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will be at home at Elwood and Western avenues.

Members of the Independent Whist Club will give a theater party, followed by a supper, one evening soon, in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. August Marquis, who will leave in the near future for an extended trip abroad.

This evening a dancing party will be given at Cummock Hall by the members of the junior class, expression department, and the students of the department of physical education. The faculty, pupils of the school and their friends are invited.

Friday evening, Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg entertained at supper the resident pupils of the Cummock School at her home on Gramercy place. The guests included Misses Mary Stevens, Alberta Bradley, Margaret Bandholt,

Marie Baker, Grace Straesser, Esther Cummings, Edna Green, Louise Draper, Lorene Winnek, Sara Clingan, Esther Long, Winifred Mackey, Mary Weaver, Anna McFadden, Erna Lane, Amy Poppe, Mary Lemmon, Zilda Marriott, Georgia Mosser, Mrs. E. L. Leifchild and Mrs. Harriet A. Burd.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Beatrice Wigmore, daughter of Mrs. John Wigmore, to Rev. Joel Hunter of Chicago. Miss Wigmore, who left Los Angeles last winter to join the deaconess order of the Episcopal church in Chicago, has been doing settlement work in the commons there. The Wigmore family is one well known here, where for a number of years the young people were popular in the younger exclusive set. News of Miss Wigmore's betrothal will be of wide-spread interest to her many friends here.

Maj. Elon F. Willcox, U.S.A. (retired), with Mrs. Willcox and their son, Master Farnsworth Blake Willcox, has returned to his home at 2957 Halldale avenue, after a two months' stay at Sierra Madre.

Mrs. Augusta Burgwald of 2728 West Ninth street left recently for New York and Europe. She plans to be away a year.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop of 1342 West Adams street, accompanied by their little daughter, Miss Virginia, left Wednesday for the east. They will visit in Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio, and will go on to Chicago and New York for a few days' stay, in the latter city bidding bon voyage to Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., who sails for Europe, May 20. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop will be away about six weeks.

Mrs. Philip Forve entertained Tuesday with a bridge luncheon at her home on Westlake avenue, in compliment to Mrs. A. L. Denker, Mrs. Will Maier, Mrs. A. Fusenot and Mrs. Durant, who will leave soon for Europe. Places at the table were set for twelve.

Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming of Severance street was hostess Wednesday at a

(Continued on Page Fourteen)



What Ibsen has argued in "Ghosts," what Bjornsterne Bjornson contended for in "A Glove"—that there cannot be two different standards of morality for the sexes—George Broadhurst, in "The Price," the most pretentious dramatic work of his rather prolific career as a playwright, is seeking to enforce at the Belasco Theater this week in the premier presentation of his meritorious offering.

Mr. Broadhurst has agreeably surprised those of us he has long entertained by his lighter efforts, in the depth displayed in this latest creation. In many ways it is to be regarded as one of the strongest of the modern problem plays that have agitated the theater-going public of recent years. Its theme is the old familiar one of the misstep of an impressionable girl, due to propinquity and the yielding to an emotion evoked by kindness to which she had long been a stranger. Her later and profound love for the man who dominates her life, leads her into a series of deceptions that enmesh her beyond escape. Dr. Bristol, of New England ancestry and puritan standards, to whom is revealed by a trick, his wife's lapse from virtue, before marriage, holds her as a creature unpardonable, while relegating to himself the right to sow whatever wild oats he may have had in youth. It is a bitter price the woman must pay for what, after all, was not a deliberate sin of the flesh, but rather one of psychological commitment, and in developing his theme, Mr. Broadhurst has managed to build up a play of gripping interest.

In only one instance has he failed. "The Price" necessarily is tense, emotional and with little in its construction tending to relieve the overwrought feelings. In attempting to inject an element of comedy, Mr. Broadhurst has introduced a jarring note. The maunderings of the domestic, who halts the action of the play on several occasions, to tell of her efforts at reducing her flesh, have no place in this problem drama. They should be ruthlessly expunged, or so contracted as to be lightly obtruded. Only irritating in the earlier unfolding of the play, at the conclusion this fault becomes a glaring one, so much so that the dramatic climax is rendered ineffective by the banal philosophies of the servant, following the wrenching of the poisonous potion from Ethel Bristol's clenched hand. If this is a box-office concession, it is made at the expense of art, and must be eliminated if the verities are to be sustained. It is amazing that Mr. Broadhurst permitted himself this lapse, which is an affront to the sensibilities. Let the poison be stayed by the faithful domestic, if he will, but, for heaven's sake, spare us her twaddle.

Mr. Stone's Dr. Ethan Bristol is a virile interpretation of the character, so well defined by the playwright. A physician with a ramrod conscience, he can yet argue his right to indulge in youthful sins which are utterly inexcusable in comparison with his wife's unhappy faux pas. Yielding at length to her agonizing defense, he is inclined to forgiveness, when, for another fancied sin she did not commit, he leaves her, unforgiven, to seek surcease in self-oblivion.

Miss Oakley realizes in a most in-

telligent manner the complexities of Ethel Toscani, the stenographer of the artist, Stannard Dole, married to the daughter of the boarding-house keeper of his struggling days. In her he finds his ideal; she is borne off her moral balance by his kindnesses, and suffers ever after for her momentary fatal weakness. Led to confess her love for the doctor, Dole's heart stops beating, and his death relieves the girl, so that she is free to marry Bristol without an explanation. How a confession of her wrong-doing is tricked from her by Dole's widow, forms one of the strongest scenes in the play, to which Miss Oakley does full justice, although a little too strident tone creeps into her appeals to her husband, which she must be careful to minimize.

Miss Ida Lewis has nearly conceived how Mrs. Dole should be presented, but not altogether. The woman, who was merely a housekeeper, with no thoughts above her puddings and her antimacassars, as the first act reveals her, could hardly possess the subtlety to concoct so ingenious a plan as to pretend to read into her dead husband's diary a statement betraying his liaison with Ethel, that existed only in her fertile brain, but to which the doctor's wife falls a victim. This dramatic denouement does credit to Mr. Broadhurst's ingenuity, but it is asking a great deal of his audience to believe that the stupid Mrs. Dole of the first act could have evolved this devilish scheme. She must be remodeled.

As Professor Damaroff, Howard Scott does an excellent bit of character work, and his dramatic recital of the betrayal of his youthful affections by a Russian spy elicits warm approval. The Florence Bromley of Helene Sullivan is a commendable effort and the clever work of Adele Farrington as Susan would be delicious comedy in its place. It is not Miss Farrington's fault that she is assigned the task of hampering the play's action. Frank Camp speaks his lines well, but in no particular does he convey the impression that he is an artist, neither by accent nor yet by suggestion. His studio does credit to the stagecraft of the Belasco, but the occupant fails to give it atmosphere because he does not exude it. In the other set piece, the reception room in Dr. Bristol's house, the careful settings and decorations are a credit to the scenic designer. S. T. C.

"A Woman's Way" at the Mason

Just why Howard Stanton should neglect so fascinating a little wife as Grace George makes of Marion Stanton in "A Woman's Way," the current attraction at the Mason, is one of those idiosyncrasies of the human mind hopeless to diagnose or to explain. But then, equally inexplicable is the effort the wife makes to win back her recalcitrant spouse for, as depicted by C. Aubrey Smith, Howard Stanton has few exterior attractions that are of an appealing nature, and as his tastes are evidently of a low order—joy rides and midnight suppers with questionable widows predominating—the wonder is that she does not get the divorce his conduct has richly deserved. The cold-blooded truth is that Stanton is too sophisticated, too old a bird to be interesting, and in employing her woman's way to lure him from the widow's wiles, Miss George impresses one as wasting her talents. Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, in short, is too mature for the role. Nevertheless, he is a good actor, and insofar as the nuances of the play are concerned, he misses none of the fine points. He and his wife have drifted apart, and while she shines in so-

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By

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"Better than any former production."—Otheman Stevens in the Examiner
Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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A triple bill of hilarity for one admission.

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WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY EVE., MAY 2—MATINEE SATURDAY ONLY

L. S. Sire
Presents

MAY ROBSON

In the Comedy of Sunshine and Laughs,

The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary

By Anne Warner—A Cure for the Blues. A Laugh Every Minute. Prices, 50c to \$1.50
COMING—MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

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"The Leading Lady,"

With Marguerite Haney & Co.

Edwin Holt & Co.,

"The Mayor and the Manicure"

Charles F. Semon,

The Narrow Feller

Barnes & Crawford,

"Patent Fakir and Lady"

"La Petite Gosse"

With Mlle. M. Corio & Co.

Stelling & Revell,

Horizontal Bar

Nonette,

Musician & Soloist

Girls From Melody Lane,

Max Witt's Singers

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Every Afternoon, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Every night, 10, 25, 50, 75c.

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Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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Koven and Harry B. Smith's famously successful
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Reappearance of MISS GEORGIANNA STRAUSS, Prima Donna Contralto, in the role of Alan-a-Dale.
Positively one week only. Regular Hartman Prices. Seats now on sale.

Baseball--Pacific Coast League

LOS ANGELES VS. SACRAMENTO

Saturday, April 30, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sunday a. m., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sunday p. m., 2:30 Chutes Park

May 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, Los Angeles vs. San Francisco.

Sun. a. m. and Fri. p. m. at Vernon Ball Park.

Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sunday afternoon, Chutes Park.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and the Drama
than any similar publication on the Coast.

city, he makes a practice of midnight suppers and long rides with fair unknowns. A smash-up and a consequent scandal, which the papers seize upon, conspire to bring the marital misadventures to a climax. Contrary to the expectations of the relatives of both Mrs. Stanton refuses to apply for a divorce, but, instead, invites her rival to dinner. At this affair the wife so completely outshines the widow that the husband's eyes are opened to his folly, Marion forgives him and the curtain falls on the reunited pair. Grace George is piquant, arch, witty and demurely satirical in rapid succession, with a volley of clever lines and sparkling repartee that add much to the enjoyment of the novel situation. Miss George has a personal magnetism that is decidedly attractive, and the wonder grows as her charms of mind and manner unfold that her stupid husband ever strayed from so sweet a little woman. The men are only fair. Jack Standing as Oliver Whitney is a personable looking chap, but badly handicapped by a throaty voice. Henry Miller, Jr., plays Bob Livingston with petulant unction, but his stage appearance

his capabilities. Mr. Mestayer's only handicap is a cold, which an almost continuous demand for stage-center conduces to huskiness of voice. Marjorie Rambeau has so firmly established herself in the favor of her audiences that henceforth the term "new" leading woman must be omitted. As Peggy Gray, whom "Monty" loves, she has a role which allows for a relaxation from her previous exacting ones. Lovell Alice Taylor, Ethel Waldron, Louise Royce, Maud Hannaford and Claire Woodbury fulfill the other women's characters in satisfactory manner, and Mr. Mestayer is ably assisted by Henry Stockbridge, David Landau, David M. Hartford and others of the company, including several of the men on the "waiting" list, who are given more or less of a fleeting opportunity to distinguish themselves. The play is well set up, the yacht scene in the third act reflecting particular credit.

Novelties at the Orpheum
"La Petite Gosse," the headlined turn at the Orpheum this week, was heralded in a fashion to arouse prurient anticipation in the minds of many—an-

Belasco Theater

BELASCO-BLACKWOOD CO., Props. and Mgrs.
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night at 8:15.

The Belasco Theater Stock Company has been giving, for the greater part of the six years of its local career, a different play every week.

OVER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DIFFERENT PLAYS HAVE BEEN PRESENTED at the Belasco since the inaugural performance. These have represented the very cream of the native and foreign play markets. In many instances the Belasco productions have been the FIRST PRESENTATION OF THESE PLAYS IN LOS ANGELES.

It has remained for an American dramatist—George Broadhurst—to provide Mr. Stone and the other Belasco players with what is absolutely THE BEST PLAY THAT HAS EVER BEEN GIVEN ON THE BELASCO STAGE.

THE PLAY IS "THE PRICE."

It had its first production at the Belasco Monday night of this week. By Tuesday morning thousands of theater patrons of Los Angeles were aware of the fact that "THE PRICE" is a very remarkable play—A GREAT PLAY.

IT WAS "IN THE AIR" THAT THIS NEWEST BROADHURST PIECE IS A VERITABLE SENSATION.

The newspaper critics found themselves hard put properly to describe the powerful scenes of "THE PRICE." Julian Johnson, the dramatic critic of the Times, in commenting on the opening performance, said: "The Los Angeles reviewers were overwhelmed at last night's revelation by Broadhurst—at the remorseless progress of the play, at the terrific climaxes of the third act. . . . With the despairing shrieks of Florence Oakley still ringing in my ears I will not attempt accurately to gauge the place of Broadhurst's new effort, but I WILL SAY THAT IT IS BY FAR THE BEST THING HE HAS EVER DONE."

Here is one of the best critics of the entire West testifying that he was overwhelmed with the power, the strength and the sensational intensity of "THE PRICE."

Los Angeles theater-goers are fortunate, indeed, that they are permitted to see "THE PRICE" before it is given in New York and London. IN NEW YORK THE USUAL BROADWAY CHARGE OF TWO DOLLARS A SEAT WILL BE MADE, WHILE HERE IN LOS ANGELES AT THE BELASCO THEATER YOU CAN SEE THIS MIGHTY TRIUMPH AT THE REGULAR BELASCO PRICES—seventy-five cents for the same seats that command two dollars in New York.

The tremendous, terrific climaxes of the big third act of "THE PRICE" dwarf into utter insignificance all other plays. There is more real drama in this one act of "THE PRICE" than in any two other plays of recent production. So-called successes of the drama seem petty and puny when compared with "THE PRICE."

There's nothing too good for the patrons of the Belasco Theater, and "THE PRICE" is by all odds the best play that has ever been given in this theater.

MATINEE PERFORMANCES OF "THE PRICE" WILL BE GIVEN SATURDAY, SUNDAY AND THURSDAY. "THE PRICE" WILL BE CONTINUED FOR A SECOND WEEK. COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT.



MAY ROBSON, IN "THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY"

is not impressive. The reverse is true of Frederick Esmelton's Edward Morris. Elwood Cromwell essays the role of Harry Lynch, a reporter. Doubtless, it is a study of the New York type, foreign to the coast. The Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore of Carolyn Kenyon is a capital delineation; her widow is of the languorous, clinging kind, with just enough of a champagne fire to suggest a cold bird accompaniment, at a corner table. The play is well-mounted and well worth while.

S. T. C.

"Brewster's Millions" at the Burbank

Spending money is as much of an art as earning it, and "Monty" Brewster, at the Burbank Theater this week, finds the disposal of his million in a year, under stipulated conditions, a most difficult undertaking. How he plays against a run of luck where every foolhardy venture brings in returns of golden ducats, and how he finally succeeds in squandering his unwanted wealth, thereby inheriting seven million dollars, comprises the story of the play. Byron Beasley is out of the cast this week, and Harry Mestayer rises from juvenile to leading role. That he meets every requirement in a part which demands much gives evidence of

participations that were to be disappointed. The act is simply an exponent of a side of life much better confined to the police court, and the far-famed Apache dance developed into a vulgar acrobatic exhibition. Vulgar, cheap and unnecessary, is the keynote of the whole affair. Mlle. Corio, who is responsible for the concoction, should eschew her present form of entertainment and find something worthy her undoubted talents. None of the new acts lives up to the high standard the circuit has set. Nonette, the gypsy musician, draws real music from her old violin, but she insists on indulging in what the press agent aptly terms "vocal pyrotechnics," which detract from her performance. Stelling & Revell do a few acrobatic feats which rouse a laugh by their absurdity, and the Girls from Melody Lane awaken a desire that they return to their lane, study melody, and return to the stage. They are not unpleasing, but they leave ample room for improvement. "His Last Appearance," a tragic little tale of an old actor, is remarkable chiefly because it is so badly played. Why an actor of modern days should deem it necessary to rant when his emotions are touched, offers an interesting problem. Holdovers are Madame Morichini,

Berg's Six Merry Girls, and Avery & Hart—the latter providing the greatest fun of the bill with their foolish "Nobody."

Offerings For Next Week

Lovers of comedy will enjoy May Robson in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," Anne Warner's humorous play. Miss Robson has scored a marked success in this comedy, and has played it for eighty-nine weeks, from coast to coast. The story of the play concerns a maiden aunt who lives in the country. She has a nephew who is attending college in New York, and who gets into all the scrapes possible. Forced to go to the city to rescue him, Aunt Mary becomes imbued with the metropolitan atmosphere. Her nephew's friends pay court to the dear old lady, take her for automobile rides, give her smart dinners at fashionable cafes. The result of it is that Aunt Mary finds country life tame and unbearable, forgives her nephew his faults, pays his debts, and settles down to life in the city. Miss Robson is said to be surrounded by a capable company.

Maud Allan broke all records in San Francisco on her return engagement, both houses being completely sold out on the first day of the sale. This record bids fair to be duplicated in Los Angeles when Miss Allan returns here Friday afternoon and Saturday night, May 5 and 6. The Friday afternoon recital will be marked by a request program, and will include the favorite numbers of the artist. The Saturday night performance will introduce a number of new ideas, in addition to which Director Hamilton promises new orchestral programs to surround the Allan offerings. Apparently, the seat sale will tax the capacity of the theater.

It was a foregone conclusion that "The Price" would remain at the Belasco for a second week, as the announcement from the management verifies. This new Broadhurst play has scored a veritable success, and reveals the playwright in a new field of endeavor as a dramatist. The news of the drama's success has already reached Broadway, and representatives of Mrs. Fiske and the Shuberts are hurrying to Los Angeles to get a view of its production. Individual triumphs in the Belasco cast are many. Florence Oakley's portrayal of Ethel Toscani gives this young actress the finest opportunity she has had in this city. Lewis S. Stone has a part to his liking as the young doctor, while Ida Lewis comes into her own as the middle-aged wife who realizes that she has been supplanted in the affections of her husband. Adele Farrington, Howard Scott, Frank Camp and Helene Sullivan are the other Belasco players concerned in the performance of "The Price."

"Robin Hood," Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith's famously successful comic opera, will be given by Ferris Hartman and his big singing company for one week only, beginning with the usual matinee Sunday. Comment on this opera is almost unnecessary, so well known is it. In Mr. Hartman's production Georgianna Strauss will make her reappearance for one week in the role of Alan-a-Dale, while Hartman will be seen as the sheriff of Nottingham. As Maid Marian, Edith Mason will have ample opportunity for a display of histrionic and vocal abilities, while Thomas H. Persse should be heard to advantage in the part of Robin Hood. The chorus will be elaborately costumed and picturesque stage settings are promised. "Robin Hood" will positively be heard for but one week. Following it, Mr. Hartman will give, for the first time in stock, Richard Carle's lively musical comedy hit, "The Maid and the Mummy."

Kolb & Dill will combine three of their biggest successes in one bill for the week beginning Sunday night at the Majestic. These three shows are "The Mustard King," "The College Widower" and "The Music Master" (Burlesque). "The Mustard King" will bring Kolb & Dill out once more in that old-time team work which made their reputation along the Pacific coast. The public never seems to tire of their mutilations of the English language. The chorus is being drilled for several big novelties, and it is promised that the stage pictures will be elaborate. "The College Widower" is a burlesque on George Ade's famous comedy, "The College Widow." Max Dill has his big

Hauptmann's Poetic Drama, "Hannele"

As I look back over the various actors and actor-managers who have had it in their power to choose the plays in which they would appear, Mrs. Fiske is alone in the definite stand she has taken for the advancement of the stage. Consequently, she has produced only the best plays, and she has passed from one to another until she has more fine productions to her credit than any other actor-manager. Seemingly regardless of box-office receipts, she produces the plays that appeal to her artistic sense, no matter what the rank and file of people may think about them. For this, many lovers of the drama have to thank her, for through her they have had the opportunity of seeing things which otherwise would have been denied them. For the last week she has been playing Hauptmann's poetic drama, "Hannele." Except for a performance in English, fifteen years ago, and a few performances in German, at the Irving Place Theater, the play has not been given in New York. The play demands stage effects that are well nigh impossible to secure. Very few managers could have put it on at all. It is a dream poem, and Mrs. Fiske has kept the dream character and the poetry of feeling wonderfully. It is no small feat to give the feelings of a child, yet Mrs. Fiske does this quite as well as she plays Ibsen women or Becky Sharp.

Before the curtain rose, the orchestra played an overture, delicate and sad, that was supposed to set the keynote of the play and put the audience in the proper frame of mind for it. Doubtless, it might have done this if the majority of those present had gathered its purpose or had been able to comprehend the music, but as they talked out loud until it was over, it is not surprising that it failed somewhat of its end. It is a strange thing, in view of the full reviews that the papers print of current productions that after the opening night, people should come to the theater utterly ignorant of the character of the play they are to witness, but certainly "Hannele" was a surprise to most of the people within range of my eye and ear. When I tried to sever my mind from the adverse surroundings and give myself up to the poetic atmosphere of the play, I could not but wonder if Mrs. Fiske were consciously throwing pearls before swine. One day, let us hope, the general public will wake up to the fact that it owes an artist the courtesy of silence and something more—the opportunity to create the atmosphere of a play without which its illusion must suffer—a right which is frequently denied.

The scene of the play is in the almshouse of a Silesian mountain village, on a winter's night. Into the squabbling and squalor of the almshouse comes the schoolmaster, bringing the limp form of a child which he places upon the bed. She is muttering, "I am afraid. I am afraid." She has been rescued from the cold waters of the pond, which she entered in seeking the

opportunity in this, as he plays the part of a fascinating girl. In "The Music Master," C. William Kolb has his inning, in a parody of David Warfield.

"Brewster's Millions" has proved itself to be one of the most popular offerings of the year at the Burbank, where its spectacular production has been cordially received by capacity houses, hence it is not surprising to learn that it is to be continued for another week. The Burbank staging of the play is elaborate to a degree. Harry Mestayer has made one of the biggest popular hits of his local career as Monty Brewster, and Marjorie Rambeau comes in for her share of approval as Peggy, Monty's "best girl." The supporting cast is excellent, and the production altogether is quite in line with the Burbank successes of the last few months.

Every incoming act on the Orpheum bill, opening Monday matinee, May 2, has a tinge of comedy. "The Leading Lady," a tabloid musical comedy with a full company and chorus, featuring Marguerite Haney, is the headliner. The little skit is by B. A. Rolfe, and has several novel features, among them be-

voice of her dead mother that she heard calling. Although she is safe from her brutal stepfather, she is afraid. She is burning with fever, and her mind long since given to imaginings, never grows quite clear again. She pictures more and more vividly the things that have been floating in her mind, death, the angels, her mother, the fear of her stepfather, the reality of the heaven she has heard described with its jewels and beautiful robes.

One after another we see these things that torment or uplift her. The dark angel stands before her with uplifted sword, but she does not want to take the way he points, because of her rags. A little, dancing, elfish tailor brings a beautiful crown and an exquisite robe and four angels bring a crystal coffin. She lies there in state, while the neighbors tell how an angel has passed through the village and proclaimed her a saint. Her father comes, but in spite of his bluster, at sight of her and at the sound of God's wrath, he is forced to confess and fly from her presence. At last, to the sound of singing, the kind teacher, who, in some way, has become blended in her mind with the Christ, takes her to the shining way guarded by angels that leads straight to the throne of God. The scene shifts, and we see her lying again on the bed. The doctor listens at her heart and turns to the sister, saying, "You are right." The little girl is dead. It is infinitely touching, because at the heart of it is the misery of an unhappy child, and, because in the shifting pictures we see not only the dreams of the child, full of the most beautiful things she knows, but the realities of life, now ugly as the beggars squabble, now commonplace as the judge goes to look for the father, now kind as the doctor, sister of charity and the schoolmaster minister to the child's needs.

It is certainly rare for a star to efface herself so completely as Mrs. Fiske has done in her productions this year. She is as little the center of the evening as she was in "Pillars of Society," and, however much we might like to have more of her, we cannot but appreciate her artistic self-denial. She does not appear at all in "The Green Cockatoo," which preceded "Hannele," a grotesquerie in one act by Arthur Schnitzler. The action takes place in Paris, on the night of the fall of the Bastille. It seems that the aristocrats of Paris, in their hunt for excitement, used to go slumming as some very worthy people do now. They particularly liked the sensations to be gained in a sort of cheap dive, where actors were engaged to represent criminals of all sorts, and arouse thrills by relating the stories of their supposed crimes. On this evening much of the happenings were real, and the kaleidoscopic shifting of scenes culminated in a real murder. The play was capably acted by a large cast headed by Holbrook Blinn, who seems to take his art very seriously and plays with much dignity.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, April 25, 1910.

ing a football contest with the audience. Ralph Lynn and Ed Coleman, two English comedians, are Miss Haney's principal support. George Ade's funny comedy of politics and intrigue, "The Mayor and the Manicure," will be here next week, with Edwin Holt in the leading role. Charles F. Semon, "that narrow feller," will be another laughter maker. Semon, who appears clad in umbrella covers, is said to have a "good line of dope" to administer. T. Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford in "The Pattern Fakir and the Lady," offer a skit without plot, with fun as its excuse for being. "La Petite Gosse," the pantomime, Stelling & Revell, Nonette, and the Girls from Melody Lane are holdovers.

For the week of May 2, Levy's Cafe Chantant will probably show the most elaborate program yet presented by this entertaining manager. The Kristoff Trio of vocalists, presenting operatic numbers, have enjoyed the distinction of the longest engagement at the Portola Cafe in San Francisco of any artists who have appeared there this winter. The Four Imperial Dancers from St. Petersburg will present the whirlwind Russian dances, in unique

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NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

To the Stockholders of the Goldend Mines & Town Company:
Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the stockholders of this company will be held at the office of the company in the offices of the Stoddard Incorporating Company, in the city of Phoenix, Ariz., at 3:30 o'clock p.m., Monday, May 23, 1910, for the purpose of approving, ratifying and confirming all action previously taken at meetings of stockholders held outside of Arizona, and, in particular, in respect to acceptance of the proposition made this company by the California Hills Consolidated Mines Company for the outstanding stock of this company upon the basis of one share of California Hills Consolidated Mines Company stock for six and one-quarter shares of stock of this company, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

H. M. WILLETT.

Secretary.

Dated at Los Angeles, California, this 12th day of April, 1910.

costumes. Amouretta, the Spanish singer, will remain another week, and Director Kammermeyer will provide new musical numbers. Raymond Baldwin, baritone soloist, and Tracy Morrow, operatic soprano, are also among the newcomers.

It is with regret that Los Angeles will say farewell to Lovell Alice Taylor, who leaves the Burbank Theater next week. Miss Taylor has proved herself a capable actress, and has made many admirers, both in public and private life. She will be succeeded by Miss Agnes Lee, who will come from New York to join the company. It is rumored that "Lovely Alice" will take an oriental trip before accepting one of the several professional offers which have been made her.

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

bridge luncheon. Pink roses and ferns affected a dainty decoration in the dining room, and in the library dark red roses were used. Guests were Meses. Willoughby Rodman, Walter Trask, Bingham, Hamilton Rollins, Frank Thomas, Othman Stevens, Joseph Bohon, J. W. McKinley, John Garner, C. C. Parker; Miss Charlotte Rockwell and Miss Mitten.

At the Hotel Resorts

Members of the Library Association of California held their grand ball Wednesday evening at the beautiful million dollar Hotel Virginia, Long Beach. The ball room and adjoining salon were filled with librarians and their guests from all parts of the state. Among these were the following from Los Angeles: Misses Lillian V. O. Reynolds, Bertha Lathrop, Ella S. Morgan, Elhelwyn H. Fagge, Emilie Jackson, Anna M. C. Beckley, Gertrude E. Darlow, Harriett Child Wadleigh, Mabel W. Corey, June Corcoran, Lucy Lay, Grace N. White, A. Loretta Clark, Margaret D. Bloomer, Mary Heiber, Georgia H. Hogan, Alina B. Scheuble, Ella C. Brunson, Charlotte Casey, Edith N. Gilbert, Josephine Jedophsky, Aileen Cersking, Margaret V. Maloney, Kathleen Miller, Teresa M. Curtis, Katherine Hilton, Florence Thornburg, Anna Madison, Eleanor W. Caruthers, Ethel M. Ott, Mary R. Stearns, Lucy Kirkwood West, Dorah Mason; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Nance, Mrs. H. Merriele, and Messrs. H. W. Collins, Charles F. Lummis, Francis H. Atkins, Ernest Dawson and Theodore J. Irwin.

Mr. John B. Johnson, wife and son of Pasadena are guests at Hotel Virginia for a short stay. Others who have taken apartments at that beautiful hotel for indefinite periods include Miss F. E. Chamberlin of Burlington, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. John Bakewell of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hoffman of Union City, Pa.; Mrs. L. A. Andrews of Dixon, Ill.; Miss Lucia Morris, Mrs. D. H. Hind of Sandwich, Ont., Canada; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Reimmer of Fort Worth, Texas; Benjamin Thaw, Jr., of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. George W. Moreley and Mr. Edward W. Moreley of Saginaw, Mich.

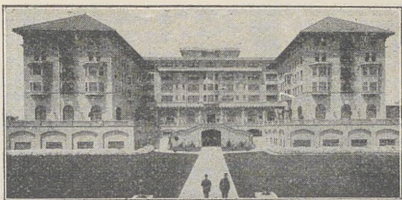
Perhaps the glorious weather was partly responsible for the unusual gaiety at Pebble Beach Lodge, Saturday and Sunday of last week. Among the many people who motored out to the inn and enjoyed its hospitality were Mr. T. A. Wagner of Dayton, Ohio; C. A. Snyder, and Mr. and Mrs. John Coryell, with their children, all of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dyer, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Wheeler, of Chicago; Mr. Allen Gillilan, and Miss Elizabeth Gillilan, of Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. McMurray gave a dinner recently at Hotel Virginia in honor of Miss Jeffreys and Mrs. M. Jeffreys of Los Angeles and Mrs. J. Thompson of San Diego. Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, who have been in Honolulu all winter, have become so attracted to the Virginia that they will prolong their visit here for several weeks before returning to their home in Chicago, and have already made reservations for next winter season.

Mr. H. R. Warner's many friends are delighted to hear of his rapid recovery after the operation which his physicians decided was necessary. Mr. Warner's efficiency of service as manager of Del Monte and his kindness of heart have endeared him to all his associates and during the days of his illness everyone, from the most distinguished guest at Del Monte to the youngest bellboy, has been concerned over his welfare.

Mrs. F. P. Morrison, wife of Mr. Morrison, president of the First National Bank of Redlands, entertained her guests, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mulligan of Pasadena and Miss Lathrop of Buffalo, N. Y., at Hotel del Coronado recently for a stay of several days. The trip down to the beach was made in Mrs. Morrison's car.

Mr. John W. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust & Savings Bank, motored down to Coronado from his home in Pasadena last Saturday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell, Master Clarence Mitchell, Master Jack Mitchell, Miss Mildred Blair and Mas-



Visit Delightful

HOTEL VIRGINIA

Long Beach, California,

A luxurious and fireproof hostelry containing 400 rooms with bath. Conducted on the American plan. Cuisine second to none. \$3.50 per day up; \$5 with bath. Reached in thirty-five minutes from Los Angeles, via Pacific Electric, Southern Pacific and Salt Lake routes. Surf bathing, fishing, tennis, etc. Golf after April 15. Managed by CARLETON GILBERT. Los Angeles representative, Henry Wilson, 553 South Spring Street.

Bring your automobile with you to

HOTEL Del Monte

The Motorist's Paradise

30 miles of new smooth macadam roadways through wonderful forest, mountain and ocean scenery now open. The grandest scenic boulevards in the world. Write for rates and reservations.

H. R. WARNER, Manager
Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, Cal.

ter William Blair. Mr. Mitchell has made the trip several times in his car.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., with her children and retinue of servants left for her home in New York recently after a stay of two months at Hotel Del Monte. Mrs. Vanderbilt is as charming and as great a favorite socially as in the days when, as Miss Virginia Fair, she captured the hearts of all she met.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Vollmer of this city, who are frequent visitors at Hotel del Coronado, went down to that popular pleasure resort with a party of friends last Saturday. Their guests were Mrs. Mary Nairn and Mr. and Mrs. Secondo Guasti of Los Angeles.

Mr. E. L. Doran, accompanied by Mrs. Doran, Mrs. J. A. Cole of San Bernardino and Mrs. H. N. Brown of Los Angeles, motored down to Coronado recently, the party's itinerary including a number of the side trips in that vicinity.

Among the prominent southerners who are guests at Hotel Virginia are Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bryan of Nashville, Tenn. They are accompanied by their daughter, Miss Bryan, and will make a prolonged stay at the hotel.

Longing.

Little mother, in your eyes
Light of sweet contentment lies.
Joy of living never dies—
Always there.

O, the beaming look of joy,
When you clasp your baby boy;
Surely nothing can destroy
Peace so rare.

One, whose longing mother breast
Tiny head has never pressed,
Wondering, dumbly, in her quest,
Why, O, why?—

Loves to linger in the rays
Of your happy nursery days;
It, somehow, the hurt allays—
Brings peace nigh.

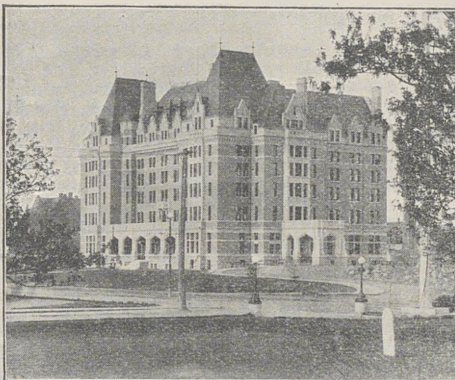
—BERTHA ADELE PENNY.

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B. H. HUMBLE, Manager.



Hotel Mt. Washington

CALIFORNIA'S MOST SCENIC HOTEL.

Situated on the summit of rugged old Mt. Washington--1,000 feet high. Above noise, dust, smoke and fog. Splendid car service--25 minutes from Broadway. Commands unsurpassed view of mountains, cities and the sea. Strictly modern in every appointment. First class cafe in

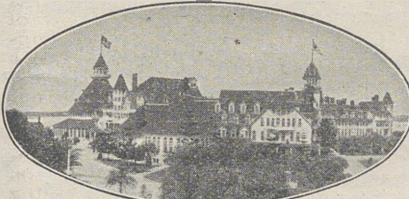
connection. Light, airy, sunny rooms, either single or en suite. Rates reasonable. Take yellow Garvanza car to Avenue 43, the foot of the incline railway.

LEVY'S THIRD AND MAIN. TABLES RESERVED

3:00 to 5:30, 8:30 to 10:00 10:30 to 12:30

Cafe Chantant

The Big Four Acts---A Star Bill
The Kristoffi Trio; Four Imperial Russian Dancers; Raymond Baldwin, Baritone Soloist; Tracy Morrow, Operatic Soprano; May Redell, Dainty, Dashing Balladist, and Mr. Kammermeyer's Orchestra.



Hotel Del Coronado

Coronado Beach, California

MORGAN ROSS, Manager

WINTER RATES

\$4.00 Per Day and Upward

Power boats from the hotel meet passengers from the North on the arrival of the Pacific Coast S. S. Co. steamers.

Coronado Agency 334 South Spring Street, Los Angeles
H. F. NORCROSS, Gen'l. Agt.



The high-class appointments, perfect service and unexcelled menu of

Cafe Bristol

appeal to discriminating people

ENTIRE BASEMENT H. W. HELLMAN Bldg
FOURTH AND SPRING.

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LEE L. POWERS, 627 S. Olive. Bought & sold.

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BUSINESS COLLEGES

THE ISAACS-WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE, 5th floor Hamburger bldg. Entrance, 320 W. 8th st.

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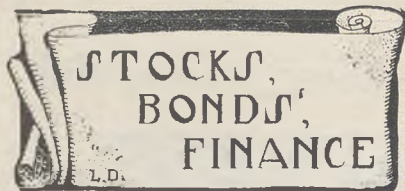
CALL AND "BROWSE" at Dawson's Book Shop, 518 S. Hill St. (E. Dawson, H. W. Collins.)

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HUGHES MFG. & LMBR. CO., Millwork, Bank and Office Fixtures, Wholesale and Retail Lumber Dealers.

TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES

G. U. WHITNEY, 228 So. Main St.



Associated and Union Oil have held the center of the stage on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, the former having begun an upward swing in price Monday, when the shares again crossed 50, and having moved in the same direction for four successive days, with 52 being reached by the stock at the time of this writing, Thursday. Union, and its two affiliations, Provident and United Petroleum, after touching a record high mark at 109½ for the former, and two and three points less, respectively, for the others mentioned, began to fall back the middle of the week, each of these stocks losing more than a full point, as this was being written. All of which, of course, has an explanation.

In the case of Associated, the stock finally is before the governing board of the big New York stock exchange for regular listing, the first California or any other oil company, for that matter, ever to apply for this highly prized trading privilege. For, as is well known, Standard Oil is only a New York curber, the shares never having secured regular exchange recognition. With Associated soon being daily called on the big New York exchange, the speculative market in California petroleum stocks is sure to broaden so as to make of these securities an important factor in metropolitan speculation. It is predicted for Associated that the stock is pretty certain to be selling around 60, just as soon as the listing application has been favorably considered by the governing board of the New York stock exchange, which should be within ten days. In the event that the stock is placed upon a 4 per cent per annum dividend-paying basis by July 1, as is being touted, another ten points is believed to be good for the shares. Meantime, San Francisco, as well as Los Angeles, is gathering large blocks of what now is known as the Southern Pacific oil property, more than fifteen hundred shares having been taken over in the local market within the week.

In the case of Union, it is insisted by good judges of market conditions, that, in order for the Stewart oils to retain speculative value, the dividend upon these stocks will have to be increased.

Among the lessers oils, Cleveland and Olinda are said to be booked for a substantial rise. The former is to be placed upon a regular dividend-paying basis, it is insisted, with disbursements at the rate of half of one per cent a month.

California Midway, now that the property has been proved a real producing bonanza, appears to be weaker than is justified by actual conditions. From a reliable quarter, it is learned that the property is producing at the rate of 1,500 barrels of oil a day, which is being disposed of upon a long-time contract for 65 cents a barrel. And this, too, in the face of a well that is anything but a perfect producer. The company has its second well down more than 1,600 feet, with two others boring.

Doheny oils are quiet, with expectations possibly to be realized at an early date in the case of Mexican petroleum, common as well as preferred.

In the industrial list all of the Homes appear soft, with L. A. Home Pfd. selling at about 51, and a dividend of one and a quarter points only distant ten days.

Bank stocks are weaker, with the exception of First National, Southern Trust and Citizen National. The sale of a block of ninety shares of the second named at 78, was one of the features of the week in exchange trading.

In the bond list there are several snaps still to be picked up by the investing public. Los Angeles Home firsts may be had around 85, just about the best investment purchase in the market. The refundings of the same company are going begging at about 75.

There is no change in the monetary rates since the last report.

Banks and Banking

Following the boom four years or so ago on beach property, especially at

Ocean Park and Venice, Los Angeles banks placed a ban on loans on real estate in that section, claiming that prices there were too greatly inflated, and that property in that locality would be in the nature of speculative security. Values at Ocean Park have gone to a firmer and more substantial basis, and in a letter to the Abbot Kinney Company at Venice, the Equitable Savings Bank of Los Angeles has announced the lifting of the old embargo on loans and has announced that it will in the future make advances on residence property there, provided the values are satisfactory to the bank.

Los Angeles bank clearings again broke all records last week, the total for the week being \$18,090,203, which is a new high mark for a week, the previous record being \$17,980,756. The increase over the total for the corresponding period a year ago is \$5,784,933. The week's figures are practically double the total for the corresponding period of 1908, when clearings aggregated \$9,972,228.

John Law, who has served as president and more recently as vice-president of the First National Bank of Pomona, has disposed of his stock in that institution, on account of his ill health, and his enforced removal to Hollywood. J. W. Booth has been elected to succeed Mr. Law. The bank has increased its capital stock to \$150,000.

Members of the Los Angeles Chapter, American Institute of Banking, gave their sixth annual banquet Thursday evening of last week at the Westminster. Charles E. Jarvis was toastmaster, and entertainers were Joseph Scott, A. C. Way, T. E. Gibbon, Dr. C. K. Douglas and Harry Girard.

San Diego's Sixth street bank, which will hereafter be known as the Central Bank of San Diego, has changed its quarters to the corner of Fourth and D streets. The bank is officered by G. W. Jorres, president; J. G. Scripps, vice-president, and H. G. Myers, cashier.

Petition has been filed by the American Savings Bank of Anaheim, asking permission to change its name to the American Commercial & Savings Bank.

Stock and Bond Briefs

May 31 is the date set for the San Diego bond election, when consideration will be given the voting of \$1,275,000 for public improvements. One million dollars of this sum will be expended on the city parks, preparing a site for the Panama-California exposition in 1915. The remainder of the money will be used for municipal improvements.

Bonds of the Visalia high school, the Visalia grammar, the Exeter union high and the Tarusa, aggregating a total of \$68,000, have been sold. The Visalia high school bonds, in the sum of \$50,000, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent, were purchased by E. H. Rollins & Co., whose premium bid was \$7,562.50. The aggregate premium on all the bonds was \$9,055.

Ontario school bonds, in the sum of \$25,000, with interest at 5 per cent, were sold this week to the James H. Adams Co. for a premium of \$2,723.50, and the Redlands high school bonds, in the sum of \$85,000, at 5 per cent, was bought by the same firm for a premium of \$5,869.50.

City Auditor Myers of Los Angeles has suggested that the city, from its surplus funds buy the recently voted \$3,000,000 harbor improvement bonds itself, thereby saving all interest charges; or to buy the \$3,500,000 power bonds voted at the same election.

Santa Barbara is agitating the calling of an election this summer to vote tunnel bonds. It is being urged now that at the time of the proposed election an issue be considered for \$40,000 or \$45,000 for a new city hall.

Japan is planning to issue a \$135,000,000 4½ per cent conversion loan to take up the existing internal 5 per cent bonds. Of the new bonds \$90,000,000 will be placed in Paris and \$45,000,000 in London.

Farmdale district school bonds have been sold to the American Savings Bank at a premium of \$608 on the \$15,000.

May 2 is the date set for the special election at Brawley to vote bonds of \$18,000 for a sewer and drainage sys-

tem for that city. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum.

Supervisors of Long Beach received three bids for the Long Beach high school bonds of \$240,000 and awarded the bonds to the Staats Co., which offered a premium of \$12,262.75.

Electors of the Fruitvale school district will hold an election May 7 to vote bonds for a \$4,200 school building. They will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

Whittier's high school bond election of \$75,000 was carried Tuesday, 717 votes being polled in favor of the issue, with 270 against.

Santa Paula's school bond election will be held May 9, and an issue of \$20,000 will be voted upon at that date.

Los Nietos school district recently carried a bond election of \$12,000 by a vote of 31 to 5.

Anaheim will hold a special election, May 2, to vote bonds of \$7,500 for street improvements.

Gold Exports and Money Supply

Since the opening of April, there has been exported from New York \$22,680,000 gold, of which \$19,150,000 has gone to England and \$3,530,000 to South America, notes the New York Post. Since the year opened, \$30,000,000 gold has left New York. Only three years of the past generation match this showing for the corresponding period—1909, 1895 and 1893. Last year there was shipped abroad up to the last week of April, \$41,536,000 gold, half of it going to Argentina, and the greater part of the remainder to England. In 1895, gold exports to this date were \$31,827,000; their destination was England, France and Germany. In 1893, nearly all of the \$47,011,000 shipments went to Germany and France. This country, fortunately, is a great gold-producer, and it is interesting to observe that, despite the enormous outward movement of gold since this time in 1908, the country's stock of gold, in the treasury and in general circulation, was, April 1, \$3,000,000 more than in April, 1909, and \$6,000,000 more than in April, 1908. On the other hand, the calendar year 1909 was the first since 1895 in which the United States exported more gold than it produced. The net loss was \$12,000,000. Between January 1, 1905, and January 1, 1909, the stock of gold in the country increased by the prodigious sum of \$443,000,000.

Butte Copper Merger Deferred

While nothing more in the way of the Butte copper merger, except a threatened opposition by a minority of the shareholders of the Parrot Mining Company, is heard, the comment of producers is that the big general merger is, in view of the delay in the supreme court decision in the Standard Oil and Tobacco "trust" cases, farther than ever. Nothing more will be done until the promoters know how they may proceed legally. The statement is also made that the merger of the Butte mines and companies is not specially in the interest of any proposed general merger, but was made necessary by local conditions entirely, chiefly the disputed ownership of ore bodies. An equally important reason for merging Butte mines is the necessity for greater economy in mining and the production of copper. By means of one economical management the Butte mines should be able to bring costs down to 9c a pound or less, which would leave a fair margin of profit on 13c and 14c copper.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 160 acres, within the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on June 7, 1910. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the application of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to June 7, 1910, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The SE¼ of Sec. 6, T. 7 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., listed upon the application of Miss Ada Curtis, of Fairmont, California; List 5-163. S. V. PROUDFIT, Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Approved March 17, 1910. FRANK PIERCE, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

OFFICE OF THE

Midway View Oil Company

402-404 Homer Laughlin Building
LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles, Cal., April 30, 1910.

To the Public:

The Midway View Oil Company is a corporation formed under the laws of California, with a capital stock of one million dollars, divided into one million shares of one dollar each. 825,000 shares are in the treasury for the use and benefit of the stockholders. Out of this 825,000 shares there have been offered the past week 200,000 shares at 25c per share.

The money derived from the sale of this stock is to be used for the further development of our present property, situated in the Midway oil field, and for the purchase of additional proven property to add to the assets of the corporation.

The present property of the corporation consists of 40 acres of absolutely proven oil land, located in the N. W. ¼ of the S. E. ¼ of Sec. 2, Twp. 11, Range 24. This property has for its neighbors some of the greatest oil wells ever produced in this state. To the north and east from one and a half to one and three-quarter miles is the Lakeview gusher. Also to the northeast one mile away are the great wells known as the Ethel D. and Kern Trading and Oil Company gushers. To the northwest approximately three and a half miles is the Standard Oil Company gusher. Cornering on our property is the McCutcheon Oil Company, whose well, only in the first sands, is producing over 300 barrels per day.

The first well on our own property is now in the first sands and the casing stands full of oil and gas at a depth of 598 feet. We confidently believe that our property is located directly in the gusher belt and that with the sinking of Well No. 2 we will penetrate the lower gusher sands on our property.

This property was selected by this company after a careful investigation by members of the board of directors as being a property in which they feel sure of getting oil in paying quantities. The business of the corporation has the personal supervision of its board of directors, who stand sponsors for the proper conduct of its business affairs.

Subscriptions to the remainder of the first issue of 200,000 shares of treasury stock at 25c per share will be received next week. With the closing of this subscription no more stock will be available at this figure.

402-404 Laughlin Building, Los Angeles, California.

MIDWAY VIEW OIL COMPANY

By LEE C. GATES, President,
C. H. TREAT, Secretary.

Officers and Directors:

LEE C. GATES,
THOMAS HUGHES,
N. W. THOMPSON,
ROBT. N. BULLA,
DR. J. T. STEWART,
C. H. TREAT.